Robert Brustein on Theater • Hugh Trevor-Roper Unravels a Plot
The Failure of Election Reform • A GOP-Controlled Senate?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

V.181
no.15

October 13, 1979 Price One Dollar

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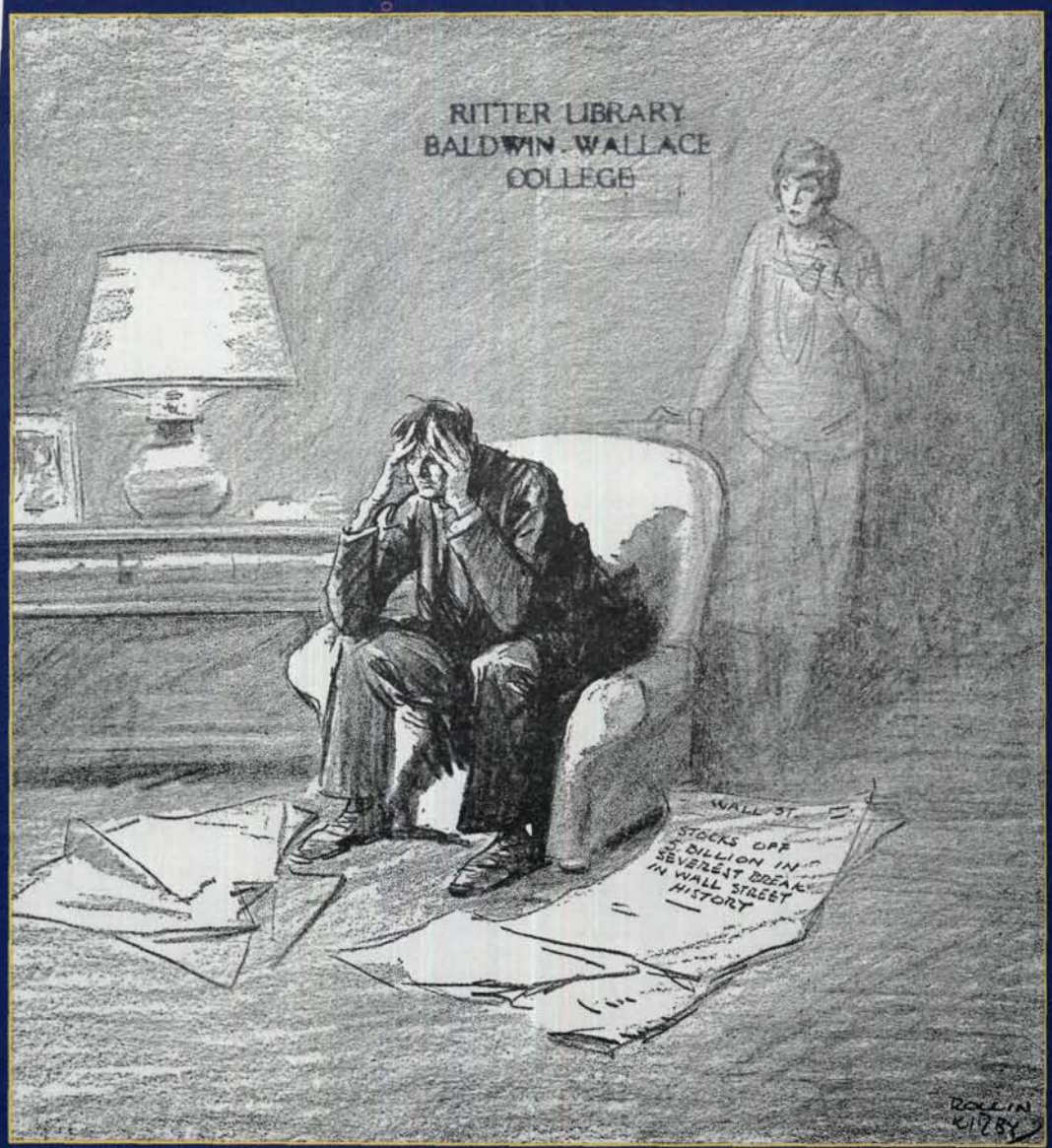

'Sold Out' (October 25, 1929)

John Kenneth Galbraith on The Great Crash

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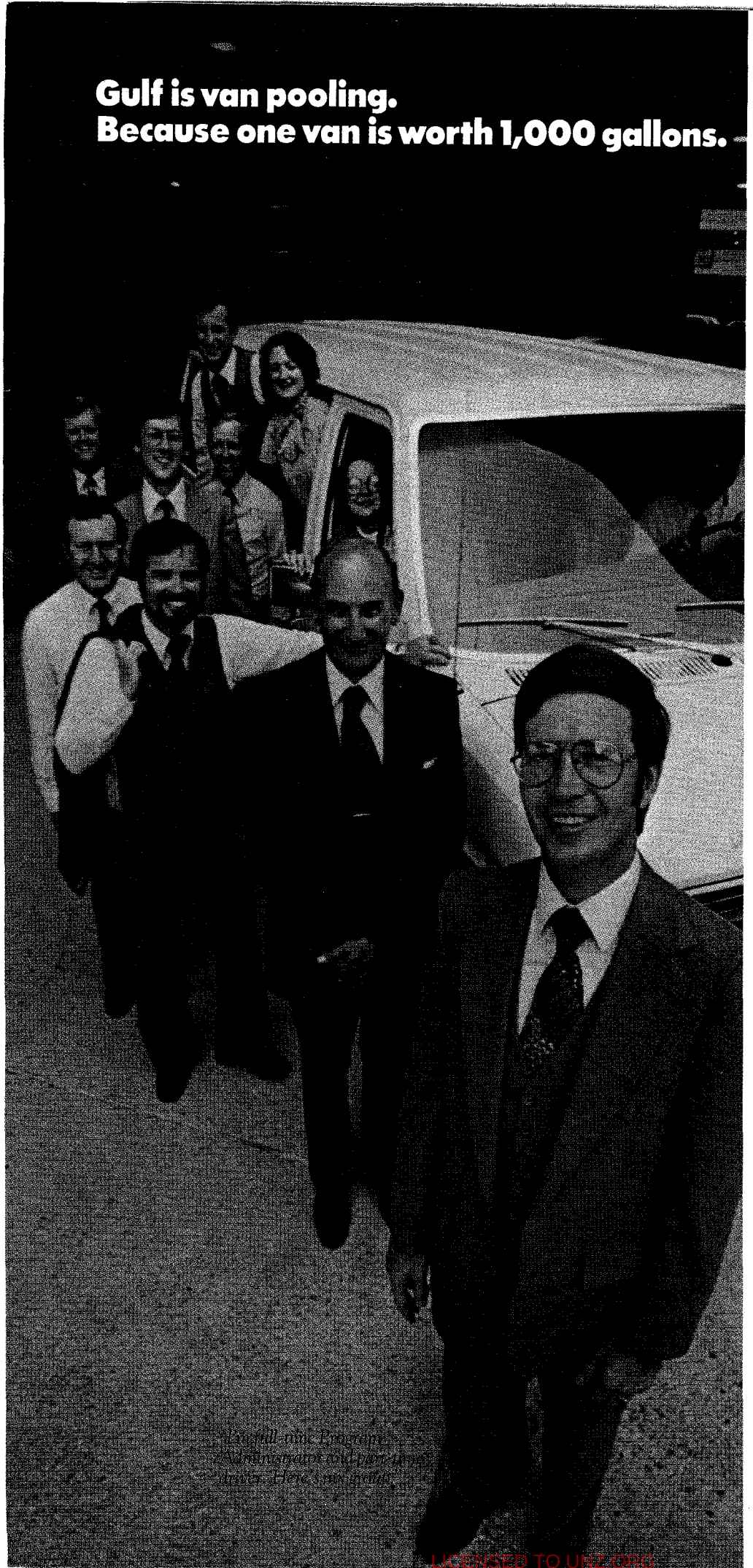
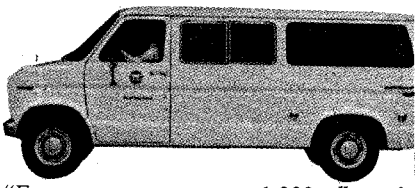
Gulf is van pooling. Because one van is worth 1,000 gallons.



Lay full-time Program Administrator and part-time driver. Here's my profile.

"Every morning, 1,441 Gulf employees who used to drive their own cars to work now make the trip i vans," says Gulf's van pooling Program Administrator Ken Sawicki "And the energy savings are really amazing.



"Every van we operate saves 1,000 gallons of g every 38 workdays."

"With 11 people to a van, making an average daily round trip of about 5 miles, we figure that each van saves a thousand gallons of gasoline every 38 workdays.

"With 132 vans now operating in eleven different Gulf facilities, we save 3,430 gallons of gasoline every working day!

"Gulf's tank-truck fleet is more energy-efficient, too. Gulf bought ne fuel-efficient equipment, reorganized the routes, and gave the drivers some special training, so our 1978 fuel consumption was 12.9% below what it was in 1972.

"And Gulf refineries are saving energy even while they're making it: our eight refineries used about 20% less energy in 1978 than they did in 1972.

"Energy conservation is a tremendous challenge, but we have to meet that challenge if this country is ever to become less dependent on expensive imported oil. It's only reasonable that Gulf, as one of America's leading energy producers, should work just as hard at being one of America's energy savers. We want you to know we're doing our share."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challeng

Gulf Oil Corporat

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TRB®

from Washington
October 13, 1979

The Quick Brown Fox

The great tragedienne Eleonora Duse could wring tears from an audience just by intoning (in Italian), "That's all there is. There isn't any more!" Were listeners silly, or did the vibrancy of her voice remind them of the human tragedy? I got to thinking of that the other day watching the UPI ticker as it reported one item after another of the mess we're in. Just as it got intolerable, it seemed to me, the ticker itself rebelled. Four times it repeated resolutely, "THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER A LAZY DOG'S BACK 12345 TIMES." Having regained its composure, it picked up where it left off with another dire passage, this one about inflation.

All right then, here's an accumulation of misfortunes. Should we despair over it all or go out to the movies? Judge for yourself.

Gold rose to $400-and-something an ounce last week; the Golden Calf jumped over the moon. Purchasers were saying to world inflation-fighters, to hell with it. You can't eat gold; you can't drink it; it won't sprout if buried. The present grab for gold is an hysterical near-panic. Maybe central banks can control it. But there is a social contract between governments and people; when faith in money goes, all sorts of other things go too. US inflation is now 13.6 percent. (From 1955 through 1966 it averaged 1.6 percent annually.) America's living standard is eroding. Every housewife trundling a grocery cart knows it. It's almost 20 years since the government balanced a budget. Even a seven percent inflation means doubled prices in 10 years; seven percent inflation for 30 years means today's dollar will be worth 13 cents. People are borrowing to pay bills; debts are very high now. Say what you want, I don't think America will take this much longer. Wage-price guidelines flutter; US productivity is down; individual savings are at a rate of only 5.3 percent (compared to 12.7 percent in West Germany and 22.2 percent in Japan). Like it or not, this is the way to mandatory wage-price controls.

How about energy? Gloomy too. Congress, with three presidents, still hasn't worked out a US energy program. Consider one item if you are planning on a new car: to fill up a 20-gallon tank five years ago cost under $10; today it is $20; five years hence, according to Worldwatch Institute, it is likely to be $50, as it already is in Europe. Do you want to buy a standard-sized model on the basis of this? Worldwatch's Lester Brown predicts many cars with a 10-year life expectancy will be abandoned before that on the basis of fuel costs.

Shift the scene a bit. There's a note of incoherence in world affairs that perhaps marks our era. Here is the comment of Aurelio Peccei kicking off the annual meeting of the self-appointed world guardians in the Club of Rome at Berlin last week. Public opinion, he says, "is in a mood of despondency and disarray." Our present trajectory, he says, "is likely to end in global disaster." He declares: "The human family is at the crossroads." Why? The usual causes: armaments, nuclear threat, population explosion. Can we halt a "sharp decline of the human condition?" I have a rather strong impression he thinks we can't.

And here is Robert S. McNamara at Belgrade addressing the World Bank. I know and respect Bob McNamara. He went terribly wrong on the Vietnam War and has been doing penance (I suspect) ever since. His tone is almost imploring. Rich countries aren't aiding poor countries the way they ought to, he reports. There is "absolute poverty" for about 800 million out of 4.4 billion people on earth. These 800 million are "so limited by malnutrition, illiteracy, disease, high infant-mortality, and low life-expectancy as to be below any rational definition of human decency."

Oddly, the two foregoing speeches came during the pope's visit—the church has ardently opposed birth control. Peccei and McNamara independently place overpopulation as the number-one global danger. Example (McNamara): "Excessive population growth is the greatest single obstacle to the economic and social advancement of most of the societies of the developing world." Again, "Either the current birth rates must come down more quickly or the current death rates must go up. There is no other way."

You get the idea about the general gloom of things from such speeches. President Carter has been enveloped in it himself over the self-created pseudo-crisis of the Russian combat troops in Cuba. It seemed likely to defeat the SALT II treaty. Carter has been trying to turn a mountain back into a molehill. His task on the television speech to the nation was to register strength and calm, and I thought he did it pretty well. There was no drama, no histrionics, but a composed voice that sounded sincere and that dropped effectively when he came to the significance of SALT. In fact, if the treaty doesn't get its two-thirds Senate majority, in a system rigged so that only 34 senators can veto it, the world's desperate hope for an accommodation between the two superpowers goes pretty much down the drain. Carter says that it is the single most important item in his term in office.

There was no reason to have gotten into the dispute in the first place over whether the few thousand Russians in Cuba were or were not "combat troops." To compound the mess, Carter declared September 8 that "this status quo is not acceptable." I would say that Carter's present status is nothing to quo about, but at least his speech moderated tension. He was aided fortuitously by the pope, whose visit, with accompanying euphoria, pretty well blotted out the immediate debate. (The *New York Times* devoted eight pages to his holiness the first day.)

This feeling of "despondency and disarray" is contagious and follows you into lesser matters. I read Tom Wicker's ironical account how the government is cutting down appropriations for Amtrak just as the public is flocking back into mass transportation. (Why do other industrialized countries have fast rail service while the US doesn't?) As I read, the UPI ticker offered me another bulletin: Amtrak's Southwest Limited had jumped the track at Lawrence, Kansas—several dead, 46 hospitalized. Another accident: roadbeds are in disrepair all over the country. Why not put people to work on the rails this winter as unemployment climbs to its expected eight percent? Or are we capable of such coherence? A pettish thought! What's that encouraging word from the UPI ticker when things get too doleful? "THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG'S BACK 12345 TIMES."

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AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of INDIANA

Serving America's Union Families

Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$1,289,599,000

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a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 116 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 13, 1979

Panic in a Crisis

The affair of the Russian soldiers in Cuba arose just as President Carter was going around the country saying—in obvious pointed reference to Senator Kennedy—that he, Jimmy Carter, is a man who does not "panic in a crisis." Not only is this a cheap shot—it isn't even true. The Russian soldiers business is only a mock crisis, and even so Carter panicked.

The whole episode would be the stuff of comedy if it didn't convey such depressing messages about the state of American political leadership, about our national self-confidence, and about our ability to differentiate the important from the trivial in world affairs. It is simply ridiculous for the United States of America, the world's strongest economic power, the world's mightiest nuclear superpower, the presumptive leader of the free world, to be quaking, squabbling, leaking, and stumbling all over itself because of 2500 Soviet infantrymen in Cuba. But we are so poorly led, in the White House and in Congress, that these 2500 soldiers were turned into a major diplomatic and political issue. And we think so little of ourselves that we feel our national virility constantly tested, and found wanting, no matter how picayune the circumstances. We are being challenged by the Soviet Union, all right, militarily and politically, but we have the resources—if we have the will—to meet both kinds of challenge. But for the US Senate to defeat the SALT treaty over the issue of troops in Cuba would not represent an answer to Soviet challenges. It would be no demonstration of strength at all, no declaration of resolve, no rallying. It would be a confession of impotence, of failed imagination, of pathetic desperation.

At the end of August, as intelligence reports were confirming that the Soviet Union did indeed have a combat brigade in Cuba, the administration ought to have seized the political initiative, set out the facts, explained quickly that there was nothing very new and nothing at all big here, and made it quite clear that these Soviet soldiers were and should remain quite unrelated to SALT. Then, quietly, it should have informed the Soviet Union in no uncertain terms that the US wanted those troops out and that SALT *would* suffer if they weren't removed.

Instead, the administration handed the issue to Senator Frank Church, who immediately misused it to improve his shaky reelection prospects in Idaho. Church, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, previously had adamantly opposed all attempts to link SALT to Soviet conduct on non-nuclear issues. Now, in an Idaho press conference, he reversed himself, saying publicly that SALT would fail unless the Soviets removed their brigade. (Church now says he was making a prediction, not a prescription, but that was not the impression he gave.)

The die-hard opponents of SALT—the Towers, Jacksons, and Helmses—were only too glad to seize the issue. They have failed to make the case that SALT II will damage national security. Indeed, the proponents have demonstrated conclusively that SALT will not prevent the US from doing what it must to maintain parity with the Soviets, and that defeat of the treaty will not inhibit the Soviet Union from building all the weapons it wants, and more. The only question left in the SALT debate was whether the Carter administration could design a five-year defense plan that would inspire the confidence of such key vote-brokers as former secretary of state Henry Kissinger and Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia. With any luck, sanity will return to the Senate and that will be the make-or-break question for SALT again. But for most of the month of September, anti-SALT senators raised the alarm that the Soviet troops were evidence that US intelligence isn't good enough to monitor a strategic arms treaty, or evidence that the Soviets have new aggressive military designs in the Western Hemisphere.

In fact, it is much easier for US spy satellites to spot

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and count Soviet missile silos than it is for them to tell the nationality of soldiers in a troop emplacement. Verification of what the Soviets are doing in strategic nuclear weaponry will be much easier with SALT than without it, because each side will be governed by the treaty's limits on numbers and sizes of missiles, and we can look by satellite for violations. Without SALT there will be no limits, and no rules against hiding, coding signals, and other actions that will constitute "cheating" if SALT is in force.

As to Soviet intentions in the Western Hemisphere, there is no doubt that, given an opportunity, the Soviets would expand their influence. But 2500 soldiers armed with 40 tanks and some armored personnel carriers and artillery pieces—but no airlift or sealift capacity—scarcely represent a threat to the United States or any other country in the Western Hemisphere. They are not even new. The Soviets had 20,000 troops in Cuba at the time of the 1962 missile crisis. In February 1963, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara said the Soviets still had 17,000 combat troops. President Kennedy and Secretary of State Dean Rusk pronounced them no threat to the US. Kennedy made clear that the United States would not permit Soviet troops or Cuban troops to intervene in conflicts elsewhere in the Hemisphere. To the best of anyone's knowledge, they never have done so.

In spite of the evidence and the Kennedy-era precedents, anti-SALT forces managed to whip Washington into a frenzy over the Soviet brigade. The Carter administration, having let matters get out of its control, over-reacted. It tried to explain that there was no threat here and that everyone should calm down. But both President Carter and Secretary of State Vance said this was a "serious" matter and that the "status quo" was "unacceptable." Administration phrase-makers seem to have thought "status quo . . . unacceptable" was a clever device designed to produce success whatever happened. But what Vance and Carter were understood to mean was that the US was insisting the Soviet Union had to remove its troops . . . or else. The administration could not deliver upon this threat, although it did secure Soviet "assurances" that the size and nature of the force in Cuba would not be expanded.

In the real world, this isn't a bad outcome for US-Soviet negotiations. It will prevent the Soviets from using our acceptance of 2500 combat forces as permission to introduce 40,000. But because the administration raised false expectations about its intentions, the opponents of SALT are only too glad to make capital out of the fact that the 2500 soldiers still are there. Even Senator Church is urging a treaty reservation saying SALT can't go into effect unless the president can certify the 2500 are gone.

With any luck, the Soviets may quietly disperse their force in order to pacify the SALT opposition. But suppose this happens. Will we have won a "victory"? We certainly will not have demonstrated—as seems to be desperately necessary for some Americans—that we can face down the Soviets, 1962-style, and make them crawl. If they withdraw any forces, it will be as part of a confident show of restraint on their part. It will be a demonstration that they want SALT badly. It would be good if they did this, but it will not satisfy any SALT opponents. They will simply argue that SALT gives the Soviets such strategic advantages that the USSR was even willing to forgo its beachhead in the Western Hemisphere to get the treaty passed.

Of President Carter's other responses to the Cuban "crisis," some are ludicrous, such as the order to have Marines storm the beaches at our Cuban naval base at Guantanamo. Others are sensible, but irrelevant, such as establishment of a joint task force headquarters in Key West. Still others are meritorious—and relevant—but these are the ones that probably will have least priority for the administration, or will be stymied by Congress: expanded foreign aid for troubled, subversion-prone countries in Latin America; and establishment of an effective quick-reaction military force to intervene in real crisis areas in the world.

Soviet troops in Cuba are part of joint Soviet-Cuban military and political activity all over the third world, especially in Africa. This is a challenge to which the United States so far has found no answer. Defeating the SALT treaty is certainly no answer at all. Despite the poses struck by American hawks, the US is unlikely to go to war any time soon to prevent Cuba from expanding its 50,000-man force in Africa. There are cases—Yemen this year was a good example—when US military power can be effectively employed to halt pro-Soviet aggression. We need an effective quick-reaction force and an expanded Indian Ocean fleet to deter—and, if necessary, resist—military threats to our Persian Gulf oil sources. And there are cases of civil war, such as Angola, when giving overt or covert military aid might make the difference between a communist victory and the triumph of pro-Western forces. But in most cases, Cubans are present in Africa by invitation, and trying to expel them would be an act of aggression on our part.

What *are* the answers to the Soviet-Cuban challenge? Realistically, they lie in politics, attention, and spending US resources to meet the development and security needs of particular third world countries. If the United States wants to block Soviet and Cuban expansion, it will have to devise and execute carefully tailored policies for individual third world countries, offering them more political help, more economic assistance, and (when necessary) more arms than the Communists do. We can tailor disincentives, too, for regimes that tilt or fall to the Communists, but we should not declare even these irrevocably lost. If we do not devote our attention and resources to Africa and Latin America—and to our own conventional and nuclear forces—we will suffer defeat after political defeat in the 1980s, and 2500 Soviet soldiers in Cuba will be irrelevant, as they are and always were.

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Correspondence

Blacks and the PLO: a reply

To the editors:

It was with considerable dismay, if not horror, that I read your two lead essays: "Blacks and the PLO" and "Blacks and Jews" (*TNR*, September 1 & 8). Those two essays perfectly symbolize the paternalism and condescension with which the national media, almost without exception, have characterized this most recent foray of the black community into the area of foreign affairs. The very first sentence states that blacks have embraced the cause of Palestinian nationalism as expressed by the PLO "more from petulance than from any careful examination of the issues in the Middle East. . . ." This is not merely speculative; it is slanderous.

Such a brazenly apocryphal assertion is to be expected in the pages of conservative journals whose ideas (and I use the term advisedly) are regularly disseminated among the diminishing ranks of alienated illiterates in our midst. However, it is inconceivable that the generally enlightened journalists at *TNR* could seriously set such thoughts in print.

Yet the calumny does not rest there. Indeed, it goes further, to assert that the equation of the American civil rights movement with the PLO's cause is "the sort of oversimplification that comes easily to those unfamiliar with the murky complexities of the Middle East. . . ." As if this is not enough, the essay then proceeds to distort the essence of the black leadership's response to the Young-PLO embroglio by declaring that those leaders advocate a foreign policy posture that elevates "narrow economic considerations" over moral concerns.

First, there can be no denial that the immediate black response to Young's ouster reflected a deep sense of injured pride and even anger, but such a statement of fact does not necessarily lead to the conclusion that the "embrace" of the PLO cause was devoid of a "careful examination" of the Middle East issues. It is true that the black community as a whole has not been recorded as espousing the cause of Palestinian nationalism, but there are many reasons for this error of omission. Primary among those reasons is the fact that until Young's dismissal many blacks knowledgeable of Middle East affairs have deferred, out of respect for and gratitude to the Jewish community, from raising the issue of Palestinian human rights. Many sensitive blacks declined for years to express any sympathy with the Palestinians because of the mutual sufferings and shared struggles of blacks and Jews and because of the tremendous pain they knew this would cause their Jewish brethren. Many other less sensitive blacks refused to broach the subject for no such lofty reasons; their silence was prompted out of a fear of losing Jewish financial and intellectual support for their particular causes.

Consequently it does not necessarily follow that since blacks were not generally perceived by the larger society as having any strong feelings about the Middle East, they were ignorant of those issues. To ascribe such mass ignorance to a race of people is quite simply racist, or at best, condescending.

Moreover, it is not necessarily an oversimplification to equate the American civil rights movement with the "murky complexities of the Middle East." Disciplined minds surely recognize the distinction between an equality and an identity. Blacks have not identified the Palestinian cause or PLO terrorism with the American civil rights movement. What they have done is recognize and acknowledge a rough equivalence between the two movements' quests for simple justice and basic human rights.

Nothing positive is added to the difficult Middle East debate by impugning the integrity or insulting the intelligence of those having honest differences of opinion about how the Arab-Israeli dispute can be resolved peaceably.

Preston Greene
Assistant Professor
Pace Law School
White Plains, New York

Buying Americans

To the editors:

So Mr. Jackson and a few of his fellow "black leaders" are now continuing the great tradition of such fighters for civil rights as Spiro Agnew, Billy Carter, J. W. Fulbright, and George Ball (who when he is not raising his eyes heavenward in anguish over "self-determination" for the recently fabricated "Palestinian people" is defending white rule in South Africa).

Between the host of Arab hirelings now in Washington (most of them, to borrow a phrase from *China Reconstructs*, "well-heeled running dogs" of Saudi Arabia) and the massive propaganda effort aimed at a different audience—the "Palestinian human rights campaign" modeled on the campaign for the "oppressed Sudetens" that proved so successful for Hitler in pushing the Czechs back to indefensible frontiers in 1938— who knows how long Israel will survive?

Truly, it must be wonderful to be Arab right now: at last count, 21 sovereign states (more than any other ethnic group in the world, hundreds of them having no state at all); billions of dollars pouring in and piling up, for which neither thrift, industry, nor intelligence was necessary (and who cares if the economies of black Africa are destroyed, or those of the West severely damaged, in the process?); and finally and most delightful, all the Americans, white and black, you can buy.

Hugh Fitzgerald
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Fiedler in the woods

To the editors:

If some of your readers were offended by your Washington Diarist's remarks on Arthur Fiedler's death (*TNR*, August 25), what about the thousands of us out here in the woods who depend on one public station for good music and had to listen to Fiedler's asinine treatment of the classics? Those remarks actually made me decide to scrape the subscription money together once more.

Ria Olsen
Hillsdale, New York

Questionable scholarship

To the editors:

George L. Mosse, in a review article in your issue of June 16 ("Hitler Redux"), referred to the book *Who Financed Hitler?* by James and Suzanne Pool (The Dial Press, 1978) as "a sound work of scholarship." I am submitting this statement to alert other readers to certain unscholarly aspects (to put it mildly) of this publication.

In making his assessment of *Who Financed Hitler?* Professor Mosse extended to the Pools the same trust that scholars customarily grant to each other. He assumed, that is, that when they cited in their footnotes documents located in German industrial archives

(continued on page 40)

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The Human Comedy

Part of a day spent with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, reported by Christopher Swan in the *Christian Science Monitor*, September 28:

> After leaving the meeting with Jewish leaders, Reverend Jackson hurries back across town to a meeting at PUSH headquarters with local Arab businessmen representing the League of Arab States, the Arab-American Congress for Palestine, the Palestine Human Rights Campaign, and the Libyan Embassy.
>
> These businessmen, who say they are representing several Arab governments, urge Reverend Jackson to help them capitalize on the "momentum" created by Andy Young's resignation.
>
> "We know something about the American psyche," he [Jackson] tells them, "and what your enemy is doing." But he also warns that "by October 1, there will be no black leader left" willing to come to the aid of the Palestinian cause, if there is not an immediate infusion of funds into the black community from Arab states.
>
> "We will all learn to recite the alphabet without three letters, P-L-O," he tells them.

Politics

A Republican Senate?

For more than 20 years, the Senate has been the liberal stronghold in the federal government. In New Deal times, liberals always repaired to the executive branch when they wanted to press some program or feared some principle was about to be compromised. Since the elections of 1958, when Democrats gained no less than 13 Senate seats, liberals usually have found the Senate even more receptive. Liberals in the Senate broke the last big anti-civil rights filibuster in 1964. As the 1960s went on, the Senate was where opposition to the Vietnam War was first officially aired; the Senate was where attempts to stop the Lockheed loan and the anti-ballistic missile were nearly successful. Typically, bills supported by liberals were passed easily in the Senate while in the House they were fought closely.

Now all this seems to be changing. Since the 1974 elections, when Democrats picked up 40 seats in the House of Representatives, the Senate sometimes has acted like the less liberal of the two houses. There is still more support in the Senate than the House for measures like the Panama Canal Treaty. But the Senate, not the House, was the burying ground for the AFL-CIO's common situs picketing and labor law reform bills. It is the Senate that favors deregulation of natural gas and the House that opposes it. The Senate, much more than the House, is pushing now for increased defense spending.

The pace of change now seems to be accelerated. The Senate could conceivably have a Republican majority after the 1980 elections. Right now 59 of 100 senators are Democrats, but 24 of the 34 seats that are up in 1980 are held now by Democrats, and it seems scarcely possible that Democrats can hold them all. If they lose too many, nominal Democrats like Harry Byrd Jr. of Virginia (who runs as an independent) and Edward Zorinsky of Nebraska (who ran as a Democrat only when he was blocked from getting the Republican nomination) could switch parties. Even if Republicans don't win control, we could easily be back to the kind of close partisan balance that prevailed most of the years between 1938 and 1958, when few liberal victories were won in the Senate.

This new development is partly a result of the peculiar rhythm of Senate elections. The class of 1958—the many Democratic liberal senators first elected that year—mostly survived the elections of 1964 and 1970. But today only four of them remain in the Senate: Majority Leader Robert Byrd and Commerce Committee chairman Howard Cannon, neither considered solid liberals, and Budget chairman Edmund Muskie and Human Resources chairman Harrison Williams. Deaths, retirements, and defeats—such as those of Utah's Frank Moss and Wyoming's Gale McGee in 1976—have thinned the class of 1958's ranks. The defeats of Moss and McGee also demonstrate that the Senate's overrepresentation of lightly populated states has resulted recently in a Republican advantage. For most of the period from 1958 to 1976, neither major party had a significant edge in Rocky Mountain Senate seats. But the rightward trend of opinion in states like Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Nevada has helped the Republicans to the ten-to-six advantage they enjoy today, which they hope to increase in the next two elections.

The strongest Democratic year since 1958 was 1974. The 1974 seats are the ones up next year, and the Democrats won so many in that Watergate year that, in these more normal times, they are vulnerable. Moreover, in 1974 Democrats just missed winning Senate seats in three small states—North Dakota, Nevada, and Utah—which, if they had been won, probably could be held in 1980. As it is, those are among the most solid Republican seats in the country this year.

So circumstances have made Democrats vulnerable in Senate elections in 1980. Public opinion has made the Democrats' hold on their seats even more shaky. This is not because Democrats are in trouble as Democrats—after all, Democrats have a good chance of holding onto the presidency and will certainly hold onto the House in 1980. The reason is, rather, that all senators tend to be in trouble these days. Senators have become the point men of American politics, and the toll of defeats and less-than-voluntary retirements has been staggering.

The figures tell the story. The years 1970 to 1974 were turbulent times politically, but they were good years for US senators. Of the 60 incumbents who had serious opposition in the three elections of 1970, 1972,

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Twenty-four Democratic Senate seats are up for election in 1980. Here is the consensus among close followers of such things about these incumbents' prospects.

Donald Stuart of **Alabama** was elected in 1978 to complete the unexpired term of the late James Allen. If he can get past the Democratic primary, he should have no problem winning a full term.

Mike Gravel of **Alaska**, a controversial figure in and out of the state, faces a rough time against any one of the formidable Republicans who are possible candidates.

Dale Bumpers of **Arkansas** is expected to win his second term easily.

Alan Cranston of **California** is one of five liberal senators chosen by the National Conservative Political Action Committee as targets of a campaign to purify the Senate. He faces serious opposition and the rightward drift of California politics. He will have a tough fight for a third term.

Gary Hart of **Colorado** is an "alternate" on the right-wing target list, and may have trouble winning a second term.

Abraham Ribicoff of **Connecticut** has announced he will retire. Representative Christopher Dodd, son of former senator Thomas Dodd, is the likely Democratic candidate, while no Republican has announced yet. His chances look good.

Richard Stone of **Florida** is expected to have difficulty in the primary and more trouble if he's nominated for a second term.

Herman Talmadge of **Georgia**, after the trauma of being "condemned" by the Senate, has decided to face the trauma of reelection. His chances for renomination aren't good. But there are several strong Democratic contenders who could easily keep the seat in the party.

Daniel Inouye of **Hawaii** owns what is generally believed to be the safest seat in the country.

Frank Church of **Idaho** is another target of right-wing groups which already have poured money into an anti-Church media campaign. Church's fifth term is in doubt.

Adlai Stevenson of **Illinois** has decided not to seek a second complete term. Many proven vote-getters want his job, so both the primary and the November election promise to be hard-fought. The moderate Republican possibilities appear to have a slight edge.

Birch Bayh of **Indiana** is also a national right-wing target and faces a tough election campaign.

John Culver of **Iowa**, like his former colleague Dick Clark who fell victim to a strong anti-abortion campaign, has stuck by his liberal ideals and will have to overcome the same forces to win a second term. He is another target of national right-wing money.

Wendell Ford of **Kentucky** is expected to win a second term.

Russell Long of **Louisiana**, under local criticism that he is neglecting his state's needs, faces a real challenge in the primary and the general election for the first time in his more than 30 years in the Senate.

Thomas Eagleton of **Missouri** shouldn't have too much difficulty winning reelection for a third term.

John Durkin of **New Hampshire** won his seat in the special election in September 1975. The widely reported animosity between Durkin and the White House only adds to the problems he will face if he makes it past the primary.

Robert Morgan of **North Carolina** is a heavy favorite in the contest for his second term.

John Glenn of **Ohio** also is heavily favored to win a second term.

Ernest Hollings of **South Carolina** looks like a safe bet to win his third full term.

George McGovern of **South Dakota**, already under attack from national right-wing groups with strong financial backing, faces a very tough race for his fourth term.

Patrick Leahy of **Vermont** is an "alternate" target of conservative money; a second term looks doubtful.

Warren Magnuson of **Washington** is popular with his constituents. He probably will be renominated, but his age of 74 will be the key issue in November.

Gaylord Nelson of **Wisconsin** is expected to win a fourth term.

Rene Becker

and 1974, 42 were reelected: a success rate of 70 percent. While voters' partisan identifications were fluctuating wildly from Nixon's 1972 landslide to the 1974 Democratic Watergate sweep, senators of both parties were having great success in getting themselves reelected.

The 1976 and 1978 Senate elections were quite another story. Of 30 incumbent senators who sought reelection and had serious competition, only 11 were successful—just 37 percent. Moreover, in those two elections more senators retired, some of them under threat of defeat, than had done so in the three previous elections in the first half of the 1970s. These defeats and retirements occurred during times that have been politically more placid than the years up to 1974, and while the vast majority of incumbents in other offices were able to win reelection. Governors traditionally have been targets for angry voters, but governors have had a better survival rate than senators recently. House members continue, as they have for years, to be reelected routinely every two years; seldom do they encounter serious competition.

Senators have two problems: they are visible, and the voters seem unworried about the consequences of electing the wrong person. In times when voters are scathingly negative about government, politics, and politicians, this can be a deadly combination.

Senators are visible, unlike House members, because they are usually covered by the media. Most representatives have districts that are just one part of a larger metropolitan area. Newspapers and television never

(continued on page 12)

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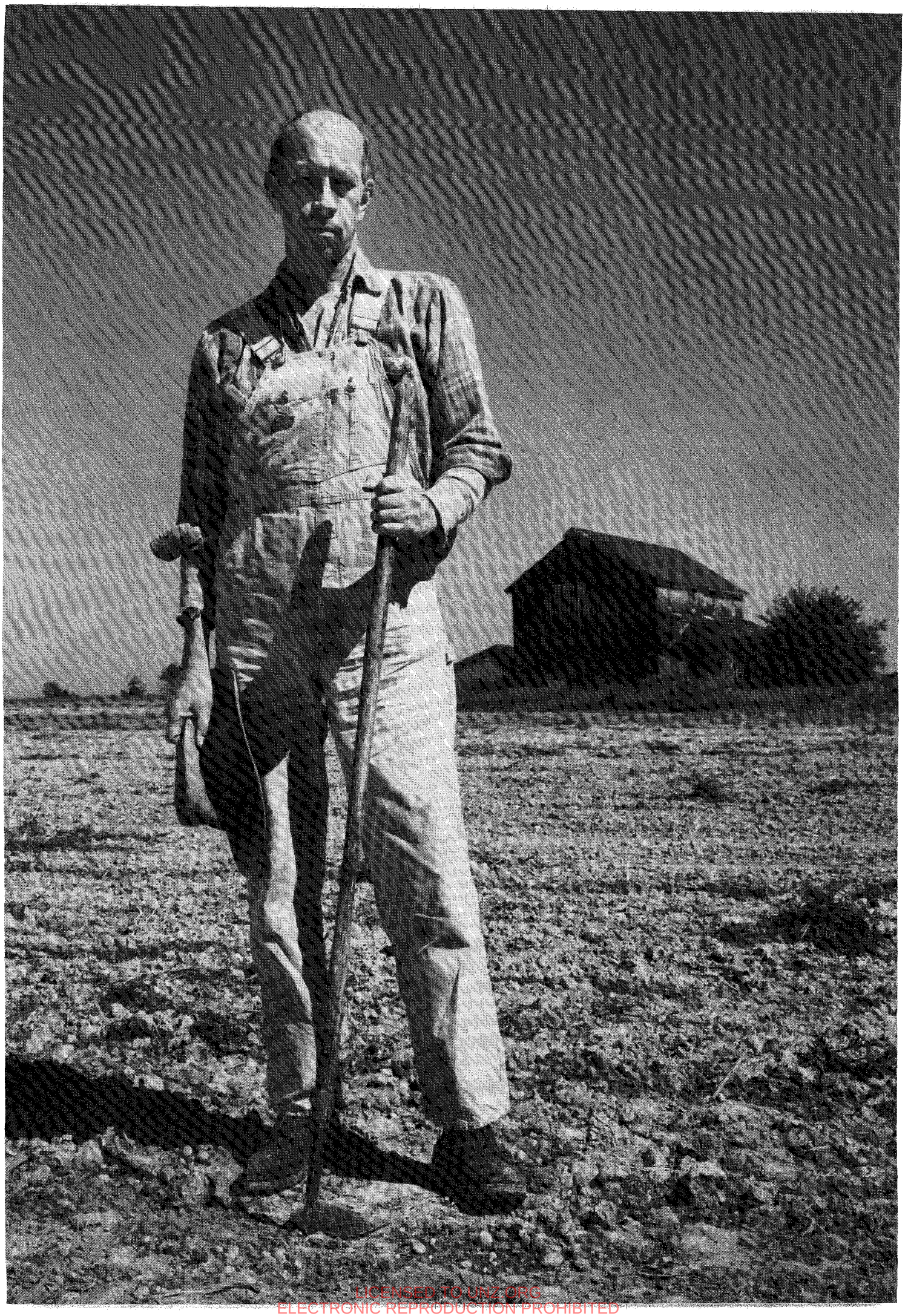

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cover them, and the only information their constituents get about them ordinarily comes from their own offices. Senators don't enjoy this monopoly on information. The press covers their actions, and what the press doesn't cover can be brought up by their opponents, who are usually well financed and capable of winning considerable coverage themselves. Challengers have the additional advantage, in these negative times, of being able to cull through a senator's record—usually at least five years long—and spotlight the most unpopular roll call votes. An incumbent senator thus easily can be thrown on the defensive.

Faced with similar challenges, incumbents in executive office have been able to respond by focusing attention on the alleged shortcomings of their opponents. As one unpopular incumbent put it, "my opponent's even worse." This strategy has worked for such different governors as Brendan Byrne of New Jersey in 1977 and Jerry Brown of California in 1978, and there is every indication that it will be used by President Carter in 1980. Voters have some qualms about entrusting the power to declare public emergencies and the power to call out the National Guard—much less the power to pull the nuclear trigger—to someone who lacks the rudiments of good judgment or basic knowledge.

Voters have no such qualms in elections for the Senate. They know that the person they elect will be just one of 100, without power to do very much at all unless he or she can get a fair number of colleagues to go along. The republic still stands even though Californians elected S. I. Hayakawa and Iowans elected Roger Jepsen to the Senate. Some senators may be boorish enough to make life unpleasant for their colleagues, but that very quality makes it less likely that they will do much to hurt the rest of us.

Given all this bad news, the 22 Democrats who are running for reelection to the Senate (two have announced their retirements and others may follow) seem to be doing pretty well. The early quarterly reports from the Federal Election Commission show that most of them have raised plenty of money. They may have been helped by their very vulnerability: ideological or issue-minded contributors often are motivated by fear that something really dreadful is about to happen, unless they write out a check now. This motivation is what made so many of the right-wing direct mail campaigns so successful in 1977 and 1978, when liberal Democrats seemed to control the presidency, the Congress, the Supreme Court, and most state governments. This same motivation may be working for the Democrats now, since there is a real chance that the Republicans could win control of the Senate.

The Senate Democrats also seem to have started their campaigns early. Most are polling and choosing media consultants before the end of 1979. And some seem to have had some luck in drawing opponents. Otis Bowen, the very popular Republican governor of Indiana, is not running against Birch Bayh; no strong opposition has surfaced for Gary Hart. But in these negative times, it does not always take a well-known or well-respected challenger to knock off an incumbent: witness the 1978 victories of Jepsen in Iowa and Gordon Humphrey in New Hampshire. We can be almost certain that there will be some new senators in 1981 of whom virtually none of us has heard today.

But even if Democrats are able to do as well as conservative analyst Kevin Phillips currently prophesies, and lose only two or three seats, the Senate is still becoming a different institution from the liberal bastion we have become used to. I am convinced that the federal budget deficit is much smaller than it otherwise would have been because of the fuss over Proposition 13 in 1978. Recent moves in the Senate to increase defense spending as the price for SALT ratification also seem to reflect public opinion. For many years, those who wanted a liberal Senate were helped by factors apart from the attractiveness of liberal policies—the popularity of the members of the class of 1958, the inclination of voters in happier times to reelect incumbents. Today similar factors are working against liberal Democrats. Even if Democrats do hold onto something like their current margin in the Senate, the upper house will no longer be the government's liberal bastion.

Michael Barone

Michael Barone is vice president of Peter D. Hart Research Associates, and co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics* (Dutton).

The failure of election reform.

The Limits of Limits

The federal campaign reforms enacted in the aftermath of the Watergate scandal in 1974 provide a striking illustration of the law of unintended consequences. Few laws passed in the last decade produced results so different from what was promised. The 1974 law, a set of major amendments to the 1971 campaign reform act, was supposed to limit the amount of special interest money in campaigns. It has not. It was supposed to reduce the advantages of personally wealthy candidates over poorer rivals. It has not. It was supposed to make it easier for challengers to unseat entrenched incumbents, and open up politics to a greater variety of candidates. It has not. It was supposed to promote more citizen participation in politics and restore public confidence in the political process. It has not. In fact the law has made almost all of these alleged problems

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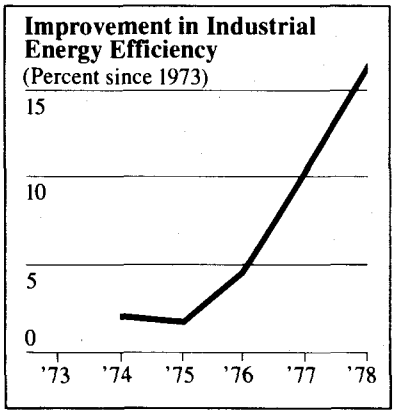

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worse. And it has created a host of new problems its supporters didn't foresee.

One reason this reform has gone so far astray is that Congress ignored the warnings of constitutional experts that much of the law was plainly unconstitutional. Sure enough, in 1976 the Supreme Court overturned several key features. Flushed with the spirit of reform, Congress underestimated the difficulty of fairly regulating campaigns through a federal agency. It also failed to foresee the range of ingenious methods that could be used to get around the reforms.

The first effort to place broad restraints on campaign practices was the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971, a comparatively mild measure that restricted spending on broadcast and print media, limited a candidate's personal contributions to his own campaign, and required disclosure of all contributions and expenditures over $100. But President Nixon's conduct in the 1972 election spurred new efforts to restrict campaigns even further. The result was the 1974 amendments. The new law's most notable provisions were the creation of a Federal Election Commission; limits on contributions by individuals ($1000), by party committees and political action groups ($5000), and by candidates to their own campaigns (ranging from $25,000 for House races to $50,000 for the presidency); campaign spending limits; limits on independent expenditures on behalf of a candidate; and a system of public financing for presidential races. It kept the disclosure requirements in the 1972 act, lowering the minimum reported contribution from $100 to $10, but repealed the restrictions on media advertising.

The 1974 law was challenged in court by an unusual coalition that included Democratic former senator Eugene McCarthy, Conservative-Republican senator James Buckley, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the American Conservative Union. On January 30, 1976, less than a month before the New Hampshire presidential primary, the Supreme Court struck down the method of appointing the Federal Election Commission and the limits on campaign expenditures, personal contributions by candidates to their own campaigns, and independent expenditures in support of candidates. The FEC, the court said, violated the separation of powers. The various limits on spending infringed on the First Amendment right of political expression. But the court upheld the contribution limits, the disclosure rules, and the public financing provisions. Congress quickly moved to recast the FEC in constitutional form, and took the opportunity to make some other changes in the law. The 1976 amendments restricted total spending by presidential candidates who receive public funds (which the Supreme Court suggested would be permissible), raised the floor for reported contributions from $10 to $50, and limited individual contributions to political action committees ($5000) and to party committees ($20,000).

The law as it stood after the 1974 amendments were passed was a bad law, but at least it had a semblance of internal logic. That logic was a casualty of the 1976 Supreme Court decision, *Buckley* v. *Valeo*, which struck down the expenditure limits while leaving the contribution limits intact. The court's reasoning was that spending money to promote a political cause—your own candidacy or someone else's—is an essential act of free speech, whereas contributing money to someone else's campaign is only incidentally an act of communication. Whether or not this theoretical distinction between direct spending and campaign contributions makes any sense, the distinction is almost impossible to maintain as a practical matter. After *Buckley* v. *Valeo*, there was no sense left in the remaining restrictions. The court said the law could not tell a candidate how much money he could spend spreading his views to the electorate, but that it could hinder his efforts to raise that money. It said that someone who wants to help elect a candidate can spend as much money as he wants to do so—as long as he doesn't give it to the campaign or discuss it with the candidate or his subordinates. A principal rationale for the contribution limit was that it would prevent corruption, or even the appearance of corruption. But who can doubt that any politician who is for sale can be bought with an independent expenditure on his behalf just as easily as with a direct contribution?

The court's decision of course gave a big boost to wealthy candidates, since it allowed them to spend as much of their own money as they want. Those candidates who aren't rich have no reasonable way to overcome this handicap, due to the contribution limits which the court upheld. As the law now stands, it is permissible for one wealthy candidate to spend $100,000 of his own money to get elected, but it is fobidden for his opponent to raise $10,000 each from 10 contributors.

The principal achievement of the reforms has been to increase the expense and complexity of campaigns. At one time a candidate would hire a campaign manager first. Now many candidates—including Gerald Ford in 1976—get a lawyer and an accountant first, to keep from running afoul of the law. The effort to regulate campaigns has spawned a new industry of lawyers and accountants specializing in helping candidates cope with the regulations. Josiah Beeman, New England coordinator for Jerry Brown, says the Brown operation has more employees in bookkeeping and accounting than in any other division of the campaign. Merely complying with the law, he says, can eat up as much as a fifth of the campaign budget.

The burden of complying with the law falls on all campaigns. But it doesn't fall on all equally. Most of the rules especially hinder those candidates who can least afford it: challengers, unknowns, and unaffluent candidates. It rests much more lightly on incumbents. Of course incumbents wrote the law.

The biggest obstacle erected in the way of

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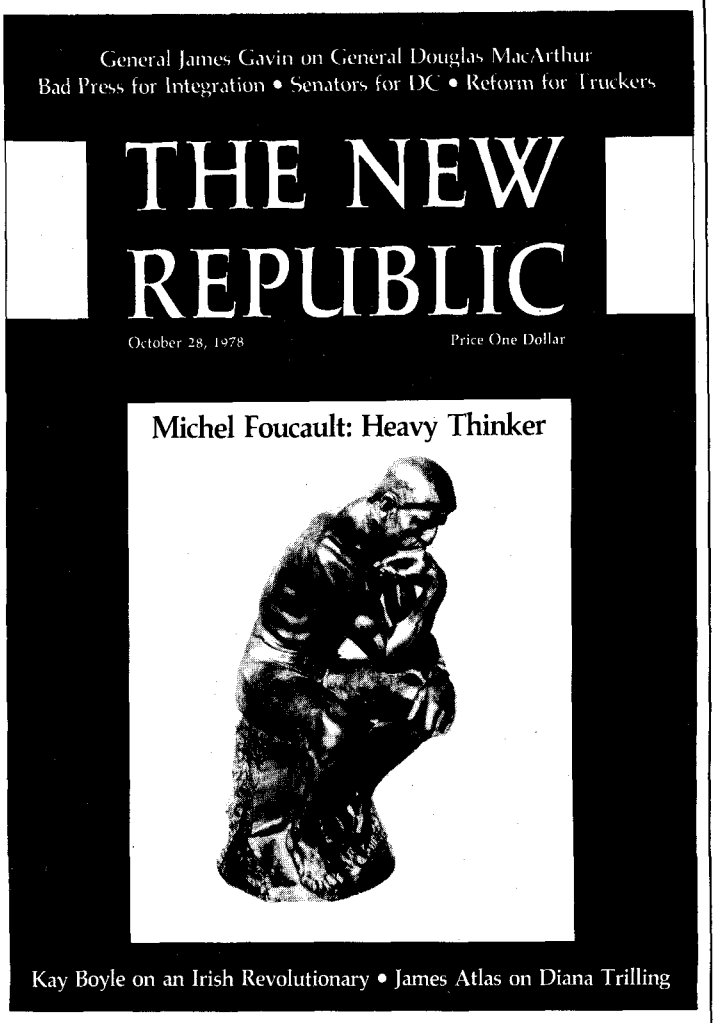
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challengers is the contribution limit, which is hardly a problem at all for incumbents. Incumbents start with all sorts of natural advantages over challengers: they are better known, they have better access to the press, they can keep in touch with the voters at public expense thanks to the franking privilege, and they can count on financial support from contributors who know it's smart to stay on the good side of the person in office. Challengers enjoy none of these benefits, which means they must spend money to get their names and views in front of the public. But to do that they must be able to raise money. In the past an insurgent candidate could rely on large loans or contributions for "seed money" to get the campaign off the ground. Eugene McCarthy used that approach to finance his challenge of Lyndon Johnson in New Hampshire in 1968. Under the present law, that sort of challenge would be much harder. Georgia state senator Julian Bond scotched a presidential bid in 1975 because the law prohibited him from borrowing $20,000 from a handful of supporters to pay for a direct mail solicitation. If Bond had been able to finance the solicitation, he might well have been able to raise plenty of money from small contributors, but the constraints in the law prevented him from even reaching these people.

If a candidate can't raise enough money in individual contributions, where does he or she turn? Chances are good that challengers will have to use their own money. A study sponsored by Harvard's Institute of Politics says that in 1978 "as much as 30 percent of the funds available to Democrats challenging Republican incumbents (and 17 percent of the funds of Democratic open seat competitors) came out of their own pockets." One measure of the advantage of incumbency is that personal contributions by the candidate accounted for only two percent of the funds of Democratic incumbents. Gene McCarthy says, "It's getting so you have to be a brand name or a foundation to get elected." By cutting off a crucial source of money to challengers—the big contributor—the law gives a decisive advantage to rich candidates.

The contribution limits effectively force candidates to rely more and more on just the type of money that the original reformers most despised—money from "special interests." Contributions from corporate and union political action committees have risen dramatically since 1972. Republicans and incumbents have benefited most from this trend. PAC gifts to Republican incumbents have tripled, those to Republican challengers have increased more than fivefold. Contributions to Democratic incumbents, by contrast, have only doubled, while those to Democratic challengers have risen a meager seven percent.

The original supporters of these campaign reforms must also be dismayed at the boost they have given to candidates of the new right. The requirement that money be raised in smaller contributions has given rise to a new industry—direct mail solicitation. The biggest success in this field is right-wing Virginia tycoon Richard Viguerie. Direct mail thrives best on issues that arouse visceral emotions—the Panama Canal, abortion, gun control, and the like. "There's no way a moderate can raise money that way," says Thomas McCoy, a Washington political consultant who works for Democrats. Another consultant tells the story of one congressman who wanted to send out a national direct mail solicitation and asked what the best appeal would be. "I told him he could do one of three things. He could say, 'I'm the best congressman this district ever had,' and he'd get yawns. Or he could say, 'I'm the greatest proponent of busing in the country,' and if he sent to the right list of people he'd make money. Or he could say, 'I'm the greatest opponent of busing in the country,' and with another list he'd make money. But with either of the latter two he'd also be a former congressman very soon."

Direct mail is also an extremely expensive way of raising money. Viguerie raised six million dollars for conservative Republican senator Jesse Helms in his successful reelection bid last year. But after all the costs and Viguerie's cut were deducted, Helms netted only two million dollars. "All those little old ladies in tennis shoes who thought they were keeping the Communists out of Morehead City, North Carolina were just making Dick Viguerie rich," McCoy says. The matching funds system in the presidential race gives a big boost to direct mail specialists. A presidential candidate who sends out a mailing at a cost of $60,000 and gets back only $50,000, all in contributions under $250, is entitled to collect an additional $50,000 from the FEC. What would have been a $10,000 loss becomes a $40,000 profit.

Besides being bad law, the campaign reforms also have been administered badly. The FEC has served as a repository for political hacks. Two of President Carter's appointments to the board have been John McGarry, a former counsel to the House Administration Committee and a crony of Speaker Tip O'Neill, and Robert Tiernan, who was appointed to the commission after losing a race for Congress in Rhode Island. Congress gave either house the power to veto all FEC decisions, which assures that any regulation too damaging to incumbents will not take effect. When the FEC tried in 1975 to count contributions to congressional office funds as campaign contributions, the House summarily killed the rules.

Perhaps the most glaring failure of the FEC is its long delay in completing the audits of the 1976 presidential candidates. The last audit finished was that of the most important candidate, Jimmy Carter, and it was completed only last summer, nearly three years after it might have been of any use to voters trying to decide whom to vote for in 1976. In fact the FEC's handling of the Carter audit served to defeat the purposes of its stringent reporting requirements. Five days after he was elected, Carter filed 5000 pages of amended reports which showed that his campaign had consistently

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misled the FEC about its financial health. For example, Carter reported a $185,797 surplus on April 30, 1976, but his amended report said that on that date his campaign actually was $970,039 in the red. The FEC might have been expected to take the view that such discrepancies gave the public and Carter's creditors a badly distorted picture of his campaign, and deserved to be dealt with sternly. But in fact the FEC took no action at all, taking the view that such errors (or perhaps deliberate lies) couldn't be punished if they were voluntarily corrected before the FEC discovered them.

There have been moves in Congress to amend the campaign laws again. One bill to reduce reporting requirements already has been passed. Another measure, sponsored by representatives David Obey and Tom Railsback, would limit the total amount any congressional candidate could accept from all PACs, and would make the use of direct mail more difficult. But these changes only concede the failure of the existing laws without really addressing the underlying problems. The reforms were supposed to cure what was regarded as the major defect of campaigns—that there was too much money in them, most of it coming from the wrong people. It is clearer now that this analysis is wrong on both counts. Campaigns, as the Harvard study stressed, suffer much more from too little money than from too much. Money is essential to the point of campaigns, which is educating the public about the candidates. "The most competitive elections, where the voters have the most information about candidates, are those in which the most money is spent," the report said. "Election contests in which spending is comparatively high are also those in which voter participation tends to be highest." The current limits on contributions make fundraising more difficult, which tends to reduce the information available to the voters. They also force candidates to rely more and more on personal wealth, contributions from identifiable special interests, or extreme direct-mail appeals. Had the original supporters of these reforms envisioned all these undesirable consequences, they wouldn't have voted for the election reforms. Now that the results are plain to see, Congress should repeal most of them. The best way to promote fairer elections and better public officials is to make sure that voters have the information needed to make a sound judgment through disclosure of contributions and expenditures. Given the information about where a candidate gets his money and how he spends it, the voter should be trusted to make an intelligent decision. Instead of trying to make an intelligent decision easier, Congress has tried to make it impossible for the voter to make a bad one, by trying to guarantee that all candidates will be beyond reproach, beholden to no one. That can't be done, and even if it could the cost would be too high. The cost of the current failure is already too high.

Stephen Chapman

The Great Wall Street Crash

by John Kenneth Galbraith

The climactic stock-market crash which launched the Great Depression occurred 50 years ago this month, but it has already receded far into the mists of memory. One measure of this is the widespread assumption that there was one day in October 1929 when the great crash occurred. Another is the total absence of agreement as to what day it was. Thus Thursday, October 24, the first day on which panic seized the market, has regularly been cited as Black Thursday. But the professionals always have leaned to the following Monday or Tuesday, when the losses were far greater and when the volume of trading reached its all-time high. In a book explaining the debacle, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale—Professor Fisher, as the acknowledged prophet of the boom, was left with much explaining to do—singled out October 21 as the day of catastrophe. On that day trading was very heavy but the declines relatively modest. Others have picked still other days. Not perhaps since the siege of Troy has the chronology of a great event been so uncertain.

As a matter of fact, economic history, even at its most violent, has a much less exciting tempo than military or even political history. Days are rarely important. All of the autumn of 1929 was a terrible time, and all of that year was one of climax. With the invaluable aid of hindsight it is possible to see that for many previous months

John Kenneth Galbraith's book *The Great Crash* (of which this is *not* an excerpt) is being reissued this month by Houghton Mifflin.

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the stage was being set for the final disaster.

On January 1, 1929, the Coolidge Bull Market was at least four years old. The *New York Times* average of the prices of 25 representative industrial stocks—then a standard reference—had stood at 110 at the beginning of 1924, and had eased up to 135 at the beginning of 1925. At the close of trading on January 2, 1929, it was at 338.35. This climb had been almost uninterrupted. There were very few months when the average did not show an improvement on the month preceding. There had been, in short, a speculative upsurge of unparalleled magnitude and duration.

There were some reasons for thinking that 1929 might be different. For one thing, Herbert Hoover would replace Calvin Coolidge in the White House in March; and in the narrow political spectrum of the day, that meant a modest shift to the left. Coolidge, as Hoover himself said later, knew nothing and cared less about the speculative orgy in which the country was indulging itself. A few days before leaving office, he assured the country that things were "absolutely sound" and that stocks were a good buy at current prices. Moreover, even if Coolidge had wished to act, his instrument would have had to be the Federal Reserve Board, and in his time the possibility of this body's initiating any drastic measures was remarkably slight. Its authority, constitutional and moral, was shared with the powerful Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The chairman of the board, one Daniel R. Crissinger, was a small-town boy from Ohio who had been appointed in the belief that any amiable citizen could be a central banker. His colleagues, with one exception, were later described accurately by Hoover as mediocrities.

In his memoirs, Hoover suggests that by the beginning of 1929 the halting of the stock-market boom had become practically an obsession with him. This was a fairly well-kept secret, for the market hailed his election in November 1928 with the wildest advance to date, and a day or two before he took office in March there was a fine upsurge which was dubbed the "inaugural market." But Hoover did know what was going on. Furthermore, Crissinger had been replaced late in 1927 by Roy A. Young, a more substantial figure. As a result, 1929 promised at least a chance that an effort might be made to restrain the speculation.

But there remained the problem of what could be done—and at what cost. Stocks, overwhelmingly, were being bought on margin. That meant that someone was lending the buyer part of the purchase price. The way for the Federal Reserve to slow stock speculation was to get control of the funds being used to finance it. But the interest rates on these brokers' loans were high for the times. During January 1929, for example, they averaged a shade under seven percent. Seven percent with near-perfect safety and your money available on demand was then a magnificent return. Individuals and especially corporations were finding the market an increasingly attractive outlet for surplus cash, and the Federal Reserve had no obvious way of checking this source of money for speculation.

But in many respects this was a detail. There was the much more inconvenient question of whether any control could be exercised which, if effective, wouldn't bring an awful smash. It is easy enough to burst a bubble. To incise it with a needle so that it subsides gradually is an operation of undoubted delicacy. Collapse and an ensuing depression would be unpleasant for, among others, those who were blamed for bringing them about. This was sensed if not seen.

Yet there was the danger that if the bull market were allowed to go roaring along, eventually there would be an even more violent crack-up. So, early in 1929, the monetary authorities began debating the relative merits of sudden death or a more horrible demise a little later on. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon was passionately for inaction. Governor Young and a part of his Federal Reserve Board were for action, although there was dispute on the particular controls to be invoked. The issue was never decided, but the knowledge that the debate was going on began to be a source of uneasiness in Wall Street.

Meanwhile the market itself supplied more serious sources of uneasiness. In a market like that of 1929, there are three possible reasons why people buy stocks. One is for the old-fashioned purpose of sharing in the current income of an enterprise. Some eccentrics were undoubtedly so motivated in those days, although in the case of such a speculative favorite as RCA—which, adjusted for split-ups, reached 505 on September 3, 1929, up from 94½ in the preceding 18 months—the desire for immediate income must have been fairly slight. The stock had never paid a dividend. Elsewhere the showing was better. A hundred dollars' worth of shares, which provided an average return of $5.90 in 1921, paid $3.50 in 1929. Yields did not keep pace with market values, but they did not vanish.

Many more people were buying stocks because they had heard that the stock market was a place where people could get rich, and they were righteously persuaded that their right to be rich was as good as the next person's. These were the innocent, although it was also their misfortune to believe—perhaps with some assistance from the customer's man of a brokerage firm—that they were really very wise. These buyers talked of the prospects for Steel, GM, United Corporation, and Blue Ridge with the familiarity of a friend and that unique certainty not of one who knows but of one who doesn't know that he doesn't know.

Finally, some people who were buying stocks knew that a boom was on, but they intended to get out—or even, at a high level of professionalism, to go short—before the crash came. As 1929 wore along, it was this group that became increasingly nervous. The market was making phenomenal advances; one couldn't get out while there were still such gains to be made. But whenever there was upsetting news, the

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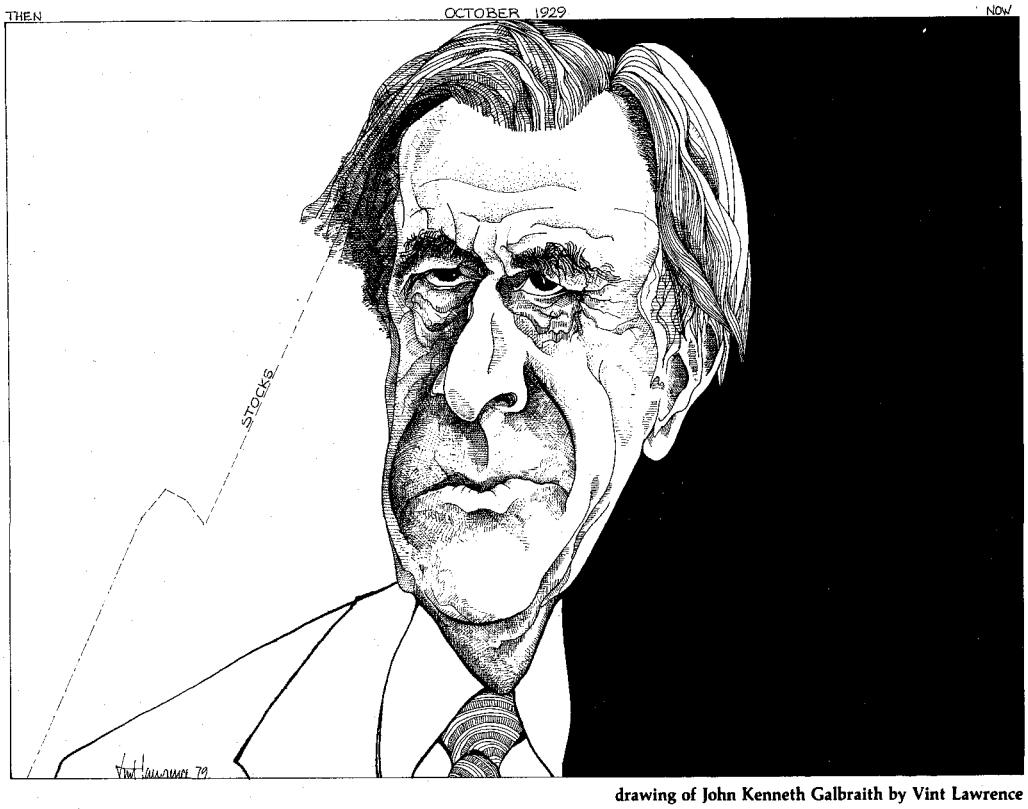
market dropped sharply on large volume. Some *were* getting out.

Thus, in February 1929, when the Federal Reserve Board finally decided to issue a warning in careful financial prose—"a member bank is not within its reasonable claims for rediscount facilities at the Federal Reserve Bank when it borrows for the purpose of making speculative loans"—prices broke sharply. There was a prompt recovery, but in the following month it became known that the Federal Reserve Board was meeting daily on its problem of immediate suicide versus eventual disaster. The market broke again. On March 26, 8,239,000 shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange. (Once in the early days of the bull market, it had been said that men might live to see a five-million-share day.) Prices fell precipitately, and call money rates that day went to 20 percent, which meant that anyone who bought General Electric on margin paid interest at the then phenomenal rate of 20 percent per annum for money to buy a security that was yielding around 1.25 percent.



drawing of John Kenneth Galbraith by Vint Lawrence

The bubble might have been pricked then and there, but, in an act of historic arrogance, Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the board of the National City Bank and himself a speculator, put his bank behind the boom. "We feel that we have an obligation which is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert . . . any dangerous crisis in the money market," Mitchell said. The National City Bank let it be known that it was loaning freely in the call market and had more to come if rates got unduly high, i.e., much above 15 percent. The market steadied. By the end of March 26 most of the day's losses had been recovered.

There were further breaks and more nervousness during the next two months. But the Federal Reserve remained quiet and presumably undecided. So there was a brief recovery of confidence, and prices started on their last great zoom. There was no summer lull in Wall Street that year. Each day the market went on to new highs. Not everyone was playing it as the later legend held—the great majority of Americans were then as innocent of knowledge of how to buy a stock as they are today. But subsequent estimates of no great reliability have suggested that as many as a million people were involved in the speculation. During that summer practically all of them made money. Never before or since have so many people so suddenly gotten so wonderfully rich.

On the first of June the *Times* industrial average stood at 342; by the first of July it was 394; on the first of August it was 418; when the market reopened on September 3 after the Labor Day holiday, it reached 452. This was a gain of 110 points—25 percent—in 90 days. The *New York Times* financial section on September 3 ran to 15 full pages. Later in the week it was announced that brokers' loans had reached the remarkable total of $6.35 billion. (In the preceding three months they had been increasing faster than $400 million a month.) But the end was near, although never so far from being in sight.

On September 5 there was a break, and the industrial average fell about 10 points. The nervousness of those who wanted both to stay to the last and get out in time was admirably indicated by the cause of this setback. It followed a statement by one Roger Babson on September 4 that "Sooner or later a crash is coming and it may be terrific." Mr. Babson was a professional forecaster; the drop was promptly labeled the Babson Break. All honor must go to Babson for his historic omniscience, although it deserves to be added that he had been making similar predictions at frequent intervals for four years.

The market was ragged the rest of September and into October. There were days of strength, but there were also days of weakness. Generally speaking, the direction was down. No one wished to believe that the market boom was over. In the arresting terminology of the time—as used in this instance by the *Wall Street Journal*—"Price movements in the main body of stocks

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continued to display the characteristics of a major advance temporarily halted for technical readjustments." On October 8, from Germany, Charles E. Mitchell of National City Bank announced "Nothing can arrest the upward movement in the United States." A week later, on taking the boat for home, he helpfully added that the market was now "in a healthy condition" and that "values have a sound basis in the general prosperity of our country." During the same week, Irving Fisher announced that stocks had reached a "new high plateau."

On Saturday, October 19, the papers told of a very weak market the day before—there were heavy declines on late trading, and the *Times* industrial average had dropped about seven points. Meanwhile that day's market was also behaving very badly. In the second heaviest Saturday's trading in history, 3,488,100 shares changed hands. At the close the *Times* industrial index was down 12 points.

On Sunday the break was front-page news. The *Times* financial editor—who, to his credit, had never wavered in his conviction that the market had gone insane, suggested that, for the moment at least, "Wall Street seemed to see the reality of things." The news stories featured two other observations which were to become wonderfully familiar in the next fortnight. It was said that at the end of Saturday's trading, an exceptionally large number of margin calls went out (meaning that lenders wanted their money back). And it was predicted that come the following week, "organized support" could definitely be expected for the market.

Monday, October 21, was another poor day. Sales totaled 6,091,870, the third greatest volume in history, and hundreds of thousands throughout the country who were watching the market made a disturbing discovery: there was no way of telling what was happening. The ticker often had fallen behind on big days of the bull market, and one didn't discover until well after the market closed how much richer one had become. But with a falling market things were very different. Now one might be ruined, totally and forever, and not know it. And even if one were not ruined, there was a strong tendency to imagine it. On October 21 the ticker lagged from the opening; by noon it was an hour behind in reporting trades. Not until an hour and 40 minutes after the close of the market did it record the last transaction. Every 10 minutes, prices of selected stocks were printed on the bond ticker, but the wide divergence between these and the prices being reported on the stock tape only added to the uneasiness—and to the growing conviction that it might be best to sell.

This conviction notwithstanding, the market closed well above its low for the day—the net loss on the *Times* industrial average was only about six points—and on Tuesday there was a further though rather shaky gain. Some credit for this improvement possibly should go to Wall Street's two cheeriest seers. On Monday in New York Professor Fisher said that the declines had represented only a "shaking out of the lunatic fringe." He reaffirmed his belief that the prices of stocks still had not caught up with their real value. Among other reasons, Fisher said, the market did not yet reflect the beneficent effects of Prohibition, which had made the American worker "more productive and dependable."

On Tuesday, Charles E. Mitchell dropped anchor with the observation that "the decline had gone too far." (Time and sundry congressional court proceedings were to show that Mr. Mitchell had strong personal reasons for feeling that way.) He added that conditions were "fundamentally sound," that too much attention had been paid to the large volume of brokers' loans, and that the "situation is one which will correct itself if left alone." There was, however, another jarring suggestion from Roger Babson. He recommended selling stocks and buying gold.

By Wednesday, October 23, the effect of this cheer had been dissipated. Instead of further gains there were heavy losses. The opening was quiet enough, but volume soon began to increase. The last hour was quite phenomenal—2,600,000 shares changed hands at rapidly declining prices. The *Times* industrial average for the day dropped from 415 to 384, giving up all of its gains since the end of the previous June. Again the ticker was far behind, and to add to the uncertainty an ice storm in the Middle West caused widespread disruption of communications. Wednesday afternoon and evening thousands of speculators decided to get out while—as they mistakenly supposed—the getting was good. Other thousands were told they would have no choice but to get out unless they posted more collateral, for, as the day's business came to an end, an unprecedented volume of margin calls went out.

Speaking in Washington, even Professor Fisher was fractionally less optimistic. He told a meeting of bankers that "security values *in most instances* were not inflated." But he did not weaken on the unrealized efficiencies of Prohibition. There was one bit of cheer. It was everywhere predicted that, on the morrow, the market would begin to receive "organized support."

Thursday, October 24, is the first of the days which history identified with the panic of 1929. Measured by disorder, fright, and confusion, it deserves to be so regarded. 12,894,650 shares changed hands that day, most of them at prices that shattered the dreams and the hopes of those who had owned them. Of all the mysteries of the stock exchange, there is none so impenetrable as why there should be a buyer for everyone who seeks to sell. October 24, 1929 showed that this arrangement is not inevitable. Often there were no buyers, and only after wide vertical declines could anyone be induced to bid.

The morning was the terrible time. Prices were firm for a little while, but volume was large, and soon prices began to sag. Once again the ticker dropped behind. Prices fell further and faster, and the ticker lagged more

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and more. By 11 o'clock what had been a market was only a wild scramble to sell. In the crowded board rooms of brokerage houses across the country, the stock ticker told of a frightful collapse. But the selected quotations coming in over the bond ticker also showed that even the values on the stock tape were ancient history. The uncertainty led more and more people to try to sell. Others, no longer able to respond to margin calls, were sold. By 11:30, panic, pure and unqualified, was in control.

Outside the Exchange on Broad Street, a weird roar could be heard. A crowd gathered, and the New York police commissioner dispatched a special police detail to ensure the peace. A workman appeared to accomplish some routine repairs atop one of the high buildings. The multitude, assuming he was a would-be suicide, waited impatiently for him to jump. At 12:30 the visitors' gallery of the Exchange was closed on the wild scenes below. One of the visitors who had just departed was displaying his customary genius for being on hand for history. He was the former British chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Winston Churchill. It was he in 1925 who returned Britain to a gold standard that substantially overvalued the pound. To help relieve the subsequent strain, the Federal Reserve eased money rates, and, in the conventional though far from reliable view, this is what launched the bull market. There is no record that anyone that day reproached Churchill for the trouble he was causing. It is most unlikely that he reproached himself.

At noon things took a turn for the better. At last came the long-awaited organized support. The heads of the big New York banks—National City, Chase, Guaranty Trust, and Bankers Trust—met with Thomas W. Lamont, the senior partner of the great house of J. P. Morgan at 23 Wall Street. All quickly agreed to come to the support of the market and to pool substantial resources for this purpose. Lamont then met with reporters and, in what was later described as one of the most remarkable understatements of all time, said: "There has been a little distress selling on the Stock Exchange." He added that this passing inconvenience was "due to a technical situation rather than any fundamental cause," and he told the newsmen the situation was "susceptible to betterment."

Meanwhile word had reached the Exchange floor that the bankers were meeting and succor was on the way. These were the nation's most potent financiers. They had not yet been pilloried and maligned by the New Dealers. Prices promptly firmed and rose. Then at 1:30 p.m. Richard Whitney, the vice president of the Exchange and widely known as a floor broker for Morgan, walked jauntily to the post where United States Steel was traded and left an order for 10,000 shares at several points above the current bid. He continued the rounds with this largesse. Confidence was wonderfully revived and the market actually boomed upward. In the last hour, the selling orders which were still flooding in turned it soft again, but the net loss for the day—about 12 points on the *Times* industrial average—was far less than the day before. Some issues, Steel among them, were actually higher on the day's trading.

But this recovery was of distant interest to the tens of thousands who had sold or been sold out during the decline and whose dreams of opulence had gone glimmering along with most of their merchantable possessions. It was after seven that night before the ticker finished recording the day's misfortunes. In the board rooms, speculators who had been sold out since early morning sat silently watching the tape. The habit of months or years, however idle it had now become, could not be broken at once. Then, as the final trades were registered, they made their way out into the gathering night.

In Wall Street itself lights blazed from every office as clerks struggled to come abreast of the day's business. Messengers and board-room boys, caught up in the excitement and untroubled by losses, went skylarking through the streets until the police arrived to quell them. Representatives of 35 of the largest brokers assembled at the offices of Hornblower and Weeks and told the press on departing that the market was "fundamentally sound" and "technically in better condition than it has been in months." The host firm dispatched a market letter which stated that "Commencing with today's trading the market should start laying the foundation for the constructive advance which we believe will characterize 1930." Charles E. Mitchell announced that the trouble was "purely technical" and that "fundamentals remained unimpaired." Senator Carter Glass said the trouble was due to Charles E. Mitchell. Senator Wilson of Indiana attributed the crash to Democratic resistance to a higher tariff.

On Friday and Saturday trading continued heavy but prices, on the whole, were steady. The average was a trifle up on Friday but slid off on Saturday. It was thought that the bankers were able to dispose of most of the securities they had acquired while shoring up the market. Not only were things better, but everyone was clear that it was the banking leaders who had made them so. They had shown both their courage and their power, and the people applauded warmly and generously. Commenting on Friday's market, the *Times* said: "Secure in the knowledge that the most powerful banks in the country stood ready to prevent a recurrence [of panic] the financial community relaxed its anxiety yesterday."

From other sources came statements of reassurance and even self-congratulation. Colonel Leonard Ayres of Cleveland, another prophet of the period, thought no other country could have survived such a crash so well. Walter Teagle, the telephone magnate, said there had been no "fundamental change" in the oil business to justify concern; Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, said that the steel business had been making "fun-

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TELL THE CHAIRMAN WE'VE AGREED TO HAVE LUNCH WITH SMATHERS & FLATHERS.

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damental progress" toward stability and added that this "fundamentally sound condition" was responsible for the prosperity of the industry; Samuel Vauclain, chairman of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, declared that "fundamentals are sound"; President Hoover said that "The fundamental business of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis." H. C. Hopson, the head of Associated Gas & Electric, a great utility combine, omitted the standard reference to fundamentals and said it was "undoubtedly beneficial to the business interests of the country to have the gambling type of speculator eliminated." Mr. Hopson, himself a speculator, was eliminated in due course. A Boston investment trust took space in the *Wall Street Journal* to say, "S-T-E-A-D-Y Everybody! Calm thinking is in order. Heed the words of America's greatest bankers." A single dissonant note, though great in portent, went completely unnoticed. Speaking in Poughkeepsie, New York, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt criticized the "fever of speculation."

On Sunday there were sermons in the New York churches suggesting that a certain measure of divine retribution had been visited on the republic, and that it had not been entirely unmerited. But almost everyone apparently believed that this heavenly knuckle-rapping was over and that speculation could now be resumed in earnest. The papers were full of the prospects for next week's market. Stocks, it was agreed, were cheap again, and accordingly there would be a heavy rush to buy. Numerous stories from the brokerage houses, some of them possibly inspired, told of a fabulous volume of buying orders piling up in anticipation of the opening of the market. In a concerted advertising campaign in Monday's papers, stock-market firms urged the wisdom of buying stocks promptly. On Monday the real disaster began.

Trading on Monday was smaller than on the previous Thursday—9,212,800 as compared with nearly 13 million—but the sustained drop in prices was far more severe. The *Times* industrial average was down 49 points for the day. General Electric was off 47½; Westinghouse, 34½; Tel. & Tel., 34. Indeed, the decline on this one day was greater than that of all the preceding week of panic. Again a late ticker left everyone in ignorance of what was happening except that it was bad.

At 1:10 there was a momentary respite: the banker Charles E. Mitchell was detected going into Morgan's, and the news ticker carried the magic word. Steel rallied and went from 193½ to 198. But this time Richard Whitney did not appear; "organized support" was not forthcoming. Support, organized or otherwise, could no longer contend with the wild desire to sell. The market weakened again, and in the last hour three million shares changed hands at rapidly declining prices. Mitchell, by later evidence, was going into Morgan's to get a loan for himself.

The bankers assembled once again from 4:30 to 6:30. They were described as having a "philosophical attitude," and they told the press that the situation "retained hopeful features." It was explained at the conclusion that it was no part of the bankers' purpose to maintain any particular level of prices on the market. Their operations were confined to seeing that the market was orderly—that offers would be met by bids at some price and that "air holes," as Mr. Lamont dubbed them, would not be allowed to appear in the market. This was chilling news. To the man who held stock on margin, disaster wore only one face and that was falling prices. He wanted to be saved from disaster. Now he had to comfort himself with the knowledge that his ruin would be accomplished in an orderly and becoming manner.

Tuesday, October 29, was the most devastating day in the history of the New York stock market, and it may have been the most devastating in the history of markets. Selling began at once and in huge volume. The "air holes," which the bankers were supposed to close, opened wide. Repeatedly and in many stocks there was a plethora of selling orders and there were no buyers at all. Once again, of course, the ticker lagged—at the close it was two and a half hours behind. By then 16,410,030 shares were known to have been traded—more than three times the number that had once been considered a fabulously big day. Despite a closing rally on dividend news, the losses were again appalling. The *Times* industrial average was down 43 points, canceling all of the huge gains of the preceding 12 months. Losses on individual issues were far greater. By the end of trading, members were near collapse from strain and fatigue. Office staffs, already near the breaking point, now had to tackle the greatest volume of transactions yet. By now, also, there was no longer the same certainty that things would get better. Perhaps they would go on getting worse.

During the preceding week, the slaughter had been of the innocents. Now it was the well-to-do and the wealthy—the men of affairs and professionals—who were experiencing the egalitarianism long supposed to be the first fruit of avarice. Where the board rooms were crowded the week before, now they were nearly empty. The new victims had facilities for suffering in private. The great bankers met at noon on Tuesday and again in the evening; but there was no suggestion that they were even philosophical. In truth, their prestige had been falling even more disconcertingly than the market. During the day the rumor had swept the Exchange that, of all things, they were busy selling stocks, and Mr. Lamont met the press after the evening session with the trying assignment of denying that this was so. It remained for James J. Walker, mayor of New York, to come up with the only constructive proposal of the day. Addressing an audience of motion picture exhibitors, he asked them to "show pictures that will reinstate courage and hope in the hearts of the people."

On the Exchange itself a strong feeling was developing that courage and hope might best be

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reinstated if the market were closed and everyone were given a breathing spell. This simple and forthright thought derived impressive further support from the fact that everyone was badly in need of sleep. The difficulty was that the announcement of the closing of the Exchange might simply worsen the panic. At noon on Tuesday the 29th, the members of the Governing Committee left the floor in twos and threes to avoid attracting attention; they met not in the regular room but in the office of the Stock Clearing Corporation below the trading floor. As Richard Whitney—later to go to Sing Sing prison for embezzlement but still the man in charge—described the session, the air quickly became blue with tobacco smoke as the tired and nervous brokers lit cigarettes, stubbed them out, and lit fresh ones. Everyone wanted a respite from the agony. Quite a few firms needed a few hours to ascertain whether they were still solvent.

But caution was on the side of keeping the market open at least until it could be closed on a note of strength and optimism. The decision was made to carry on until things improved. Again the lights blazed all night. In one brokerage house an employee fainted from exhaustion, was revived and put back to work.

Next day those imponderable forces were at work which bring salvation just at the moment when salvation seems impossible. Volume was still enormous, but prices were much better—the *Times* industrial average rose 31 points, and individual issues made excellent gains. Possibly it was the reassurances that accomplished the miracle—in any case, these were forthcoming in volume. On the evening of the 29th, assistant secretary of commerce Julius Klein took to the radio to remind the country that President Hoover had said that the "fundamental business of the country" was sound and prosperous. On Wednesday, Wadill Catchings, the head of the great Goldman, Sachs investment house, announced that general business conditions were "unquestionably fundamentally sound." (The same, it subsequently developed, could not unquestionably be said for companies promoted by Goldman, Sachs. By the time Mr. Sachs himself was called before a Senate Banking Committee hearing on stock market practices in 1932, shares in the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, which had been sold to the public for $104 each, were trading, after a two-for-one split, for 1¾.) From Pocantico Hills came the first public statement from John D. Rockefeller in some decades: "Believing that fundamental conditions of the country are sound . . . my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stock." Eddie Cantor, a noted comedian (and, as he described himself, victim) of the time, said of the announcement: "Sure, who else had any money left?"

Just before the Rockefeller statement arrived, things looked good enough on the Exchange so that Richard Whitney felt safe in announcing that the market would not open until noon the following day (Thursday) and that on Friday and Saturday it would stay shut. The announcement was greeted by cheers. Nerves were clearly past the breaking point. On La Salle Street in Chicago a boy exploded a firecracker. Like wildfire the rumor spread that gangsters whose margin accounts had been closed out were shooting up the street. Several squads of police arrived to make them take their losses like honest men.

No feature of the Great Crash was more remarkable than the way it passed from climax to anticlimax to destroy again and again the hope that the worst had passed. Even on Wednesday, October 30, the worst was still to come, although henceforth it came more slowly. Day after day during the next two weeks prices fell with monotonous regularity. At the close of trading on October 29, the *Times* industrial average stood at 275. In the rally of the next two days it gained more than 50 points, but by November 13, it was down to 224 for a further net loss of 51 points.

And these levels were wonderful compared with what were to follow. On July 8, 1932, the average of the closing levels of the *Times* industrials was 58.46. This was not much more than the amount by which the average dropped on the single day of October 28, and considerably less than a quarter of the closing values on October 29. By then, of course, business conditions were no longer sound, fundamentally or otherwise.

What might be called the everyday history book tells of the Great Depression of the 1930s which began with the great stock-market crash of 1929. For a long time there was a tendency among sophisticates—professional students of the business cycle in particular—to deny the importance that this attributed to the stock-market crash as a cause of the Depression. The crash was part of the froth rather than the substance of the situation. A depression, it was pointed out, had been in the making since midsummer of 1929, when numerous indexes began to turn down.

In this matter the everyday history is almost certainly right, and in recent times the sophisticated historians have come to agree. The market crash (and, of course, the speculation that set the stage) was of profound importance for what followed. It shrank the supply of investment funds and, at the same time, it shocked the confidence on which investment expenditure depends. The crash also reduced personal expenditures and deeply disrupted international capital flows and international trade. The effect of all this on economic activity was prompt and very real. Nothing else is a fraction so important for explaining the severity of the depression that followed.

Since it was important, the question inevitably arises whether a similar cycle of speculation and collapse could again occur. The simple answer is of course! Laws have been passed to outlaw some of the more egregious behavior which contributed to the big bull market of the 1920s. Nothing has been done about the seminal lunacy that possesses people who see a chance of becoming rich.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Sticking to the Subject

After *Something Short of Paradise*, my companion said: "I wonder how many people are going to call it the poor man's *Manhattan*." Some, surely, but I'd rather be among those who call Susan Sarandon the rich man's Diane Keaton. Sarandon, with a face for which the word "piquant" was invented, has been making films for over 10 years and is probably best remembered for *The Great Waldo Pepper* and as Brooke Shields's mother in *Pretty Baby*. She has had chances to show much more than humor, but humor—taciturn and composed—seems organic to her quiet, curling voice and her lanky figure, which suggests a sexy marionette. In *Paradise* she plays another mixed-up modern young woman caught between past troubles and present feelings, a role much like those that Keaton has played in Woody Allen films; but with Keaton I get the feeling of an act, a stand-up *and* sit-down comic, trading somewhat smugly on recognitions by the readers of the *Voice* and *New York*. With Sarandon, though it's not exactly a performance whose depth would have stunned the old Moscow Art, it's fresh, supported, engaging, whole.

Her boy friend, who refers to himself as a '70s person and who touches many of the decade's social bases, is David Steinberg. He has in fact been a stand-up comic and came to nightclub and stage after what seems the prescribed training these days: a graduate degree and a period of Chicago satire. Steinberg is in the latter-day line of non-pretty leading men that started *circa* Dustin Hoffman. (Shorter than his love interest, too, as Hoffman sometimes is.) He has, preeminently, good timing and the ability to suggest decency unostentatiously. He's likable in a prosy, "unselling" way.

The script is by Fred Barron, based on an idea by the director, David Helpern Jr. Steinberg is the manager of an art-film house in New York (everyone in the area will recognize the Carnegie Hall Cinema under the fake name) who falls in love with a journalist, Sarandon. She has just come to New York after her divorce—she was married for seven years—and wants little more at the moment than not to get involved, even lightly. The two meet at a party given by that Jewish girl-about-town character, here done by Marilyn Sokol just this side of repulsion; and the gist of the film is their love affair, which begins before some of her wants it to and in which the tussles come from her fear of (to use the cant shorthand) commitment and his hunger for it. The subject is hardly novel, but who needs novelty where there's truth? This element of the script rings true, and it's helped by Barron's dialogue, which has just the right tone of an author's writing for characters whose own idea of conversation is to talk like characters in a smart script.

The bumps in the film come from the added stuff, the adduced plot complications. Helpern and his producer, James C. Gutman, have said that they were greatly influenced by old Hollywood romantic comedies of the Cary Grant-Irene Dunne type, but they didn't need to say it: the film is loaded with patent imitations. These include: a long complication about a visiting French male sex star that creaks with staleness and also creaks with Jean-Pierre Aumont; a last-minute dash to the airport to stave off the girl's departure; a last-second clinch with a beaming old lady looking on who also gets kissed in the overflow of joy. Echo after flat echo of the moribund past. (Have you seen any of those pre-war comedy "classics" lately, like *Bringing Up Baby* and *His Girl Friday*? To me, they have become unbearably forced and arch.)

If Helpern and Gutman had had the guts to stick to their characters and to a story evolved from the validity of those characters—had stood against, possibly, the pressure of investors—they might have produced a picture that was more satisfactory to everyone, including the investors in the long run: a picture that dealt exclusively with two young people in a contemporary version of a recurrent 20th-century bind. But it comes out one more instance of a hybrid: someone got a good idea, but instead of mining the idea, he and others began to worry about beefing it up. Instead of making the picture out of the idea, they started pasting stuff on—as usual, imitations of films past.

Something Short of Paradise is not a major work gone awry, but it shows considerable gifts—Sarandon's and Steinberg's and Barron's and Helpern's. Barron's work is much better here than it was for the deplorable Joan Micklin Silver in *Between the Lines*; and Helpern, though he doesn't have anything that could be called a style, works cleanly for the most part and is obviously able to get the confidence of his cast. I wish their film had finished as it began, a look at young Manhattan life today, more direct and supple than most of Woody Allen's work, instead of turning Manhattan today into a new locus for an old movie.

The Onion Field, very different in subject and tone, is just as thoroughly misconceived. More so, because here grave social subjects are poorly handled. The screenplay is by Joseph Wambaugh, the poet laureate of the Los Angeles police force, and is adapted from a factual book of his. The onion-field murder took place in 1963: two LA plainclothesmen were disarmed and kidnapped by two criminals, a white psychopath and his

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Dizzying texture, dismal drama. The feel of being caught in the Vietnam War, but not the moral agon it pretends to be.

Breaking Away. Breezy and moderately biting small-town comedy about adolescent class distinctions and fantasies.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. A mad parody of a messiah born in the same time and place as Jesus. For the unstuffy of any faith or non-faith.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Good political atmosphere, good acting, tired plot. A rising young senator, his wife, another woman.

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black accomplice, and in an onion field the psychopath, mistakenly fearing the so-called Lindbergh law, killed one of the policemen. He would also have killed the other one, but the second man managed to escape in the dark.

The first hour or so of the film dwells on the above, with lots of delving into the lives and individualities of the four men. In that first portion we feel that we're being given a light-and-dark balancing act: a Good Pair and a Bad Pair, how society made them what they are, and how they finally all meet. It seems a pretty dim prospect, pretty heavily arrived at. Then the crime is committed. *After* the crime, the film—the real film—begins, and, I think, begins more than an hour too late.

The real subject is double: 1) the effect of survival on the surviving officer, played by John Savage; 2) the twists and delays and evasions of the judicial system, as exploited by the keen-witted psychopath, James Woods, and his browbeaten companion, Franklyn Seales. Savage is more or less openly derided for having given up his weapon, for not having risked death. (I thought of Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot who made the "mistake" of surviving.) His guilt feelings drive him to kleptomania, to enforced resignation from the police, to impotence and torpor, particularly as he is dragged back into court repeatedly to testify at hearings and appeals and is thus tormented by the criminals who murdered his partner. And the law's delays, which are so infuriating that they drive an assistant DA to give up legal practice entirely, are seen to favor the two criminals, into whose pasts we get some compensatory insights.

Most of the material of Part Two (which is not so called) is ironically sharp and chilling. (Some sentimental stuff, about the family and traditions of the slain officer, is tacked on the end, quite irrelevantly.) But by the time we slog through to Part Two, we have to fight back to a state of urgency and, what's more difficult, we have to regain reliance on filmmakers who have a poor sense of the center of their story. I'm not being blithe about the dead man, obviously, when I say that the murder is not interesting here; that the way to have put the emphasis where it belongs would have been to begin with the trial, with only flashbacks of as much of the crime as was needed to make its after-effects vivid.

Because the faulty construction burdens our concern, it interferes with the nervous, trenchant performances of Savage and Woods (some clear parallels between them) and with the pathos of Seales as the foredoomed black man whose best negotiation with the world is a quiet life "on the yard" in prison. Harold Becker, whose name I know only as the director of a short about Eugène Atget in 1964, puts the picture together competently. But Wambaugh, who also supervised the production, was too infatuated with all the facts he knew to leave out the less relevant ones.

Robert Brustein on theater

Eleven Years in the Freezer

When I stopped reviewing regularly for this magazine in 1968, the longest running off-Broadway play was *The Fantasticks*; Joe Papp had just completed a first season at the Public Theater which included the rock musical *Hair*; the off-off-Broadway movement was dominated by such experimental ensembles as the Open Theater, the La Mama ETC, and the Performance Group; the resident theaters were developing financial troubles; English plays and players were beginning to invade our stage; the hit commercial comedy was Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite*; and our more serious playwrights—Edward Albee, Tennessee Williams, and Arthur Miller—were represented on Broadway by *Everything in the Garden*, *The Seven Descents of Myrtle*, and *The Price*. That was the year that Broadway announced its most successful artistic and financial season in decades.

Today, 11 years later, a few weeks after Broadway again announced its most successful artistic and financial season in decades, what wondrous changes hath the theater wrought? Well, the avant-garde movement seems to have disintegrated for the moment, and the English have completed their capture of the New York stage. But *The Fantasticks* is still the longest-running play off-Broadway; Joe Papp is beginning another season at the Public which features another rock musical; resident theaters are in worse financial trouble than ever; Neil Simon continues to have the most successful comic property in town; Edward Albee and Tennessee Williams have each announced new plays for the coming year; and Arthur Miller is again represented on Broadway by *The Price*.

Also, no doubt to the chagrin of most of the above, I am returning to my old post as theater critic for *The New Republic*.

This is enough to make you lose faith in progress, if not in history itself; but aside from demonstrating the tenacity of us old-timers, it signifies how tight a grip our system holds on the throat of our culture. With the cost of an evening on Broadway for two about equal to the cost of a round-trip flight to Los Angeles, the theater has inevitably become just another competing commodity, and the staple of a free market is dependable (i.e. tried-and-true) merchandise. From time to time, something dares to have a little originality—*Sweeney Todd* is innovative, I am told (I haven't seen it yet)—but more often, the stage remains conventional in its aspiration and accommodating in its execution; and its alliance with the marketplace continues to cast doubt on its morals: "An unmannerly daughter," Sir Philip Sidney called it about four centuries ago, "shewing a bad education, that causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called into question."

The dissolute character that Sidney discerned in the theater stems partly from its public nature—which also holds its attractions. Like most ladies of the night, the theater offers the promise of pleasure and exhilaration. Certainly audiences who take their place in front of living performers are positioned for exciting encounters. The trouble is that the theater so seldom realizes this promise, choosing instead to tickle and titillate, tantalizing its customers with familiar experiences and ideas. It is hardly surprising that the most celebrated "serious" play of the last few years, *The Elephant Man*, should be a concoction designed not to challenge the spectator so much as to convince him of his superior sensibility.

The Elephant Man, we are informed in slides during the opening moments, is

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fearfully deformed, with pouches, dewlaps, and other appetizing malformations, and he emits a loathsome odor which makes it impossible for anyone to remain long in his presence. He is played, however, by a haunted-looking Yale College graduate who deals with the hideous appearance of the character by hoarsening his voice, bending his head to one side, and pulling one of his arms into his body like a retractable wing. The largely artificial acting of this production has been extravagantly praised, but this performance in particular has been singled out for the "tasteful" way in which it avoids the horror-movie implications of the part. Without those implications, however, the play is simple audience flattery. While most of the other characters are recoiling in disgust before what they perceive to be the unspeakable ugliness of the Elephant Man (the exception being a Victorian actress who, in a scene worthy of the heart-warming final moments of *Tea and Sympathy*, bravely offers him her body), the spectators are melting before what *they* perceive to be his Ivy League sensitivity and intelligence. I believe it was George Meredith who defined the sentimentalist as "he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for the thing done."

Self-congratulation has always been the favorite postprandial occupation of the liberal New York theatergoer. What is more disheartening than the complacency of the commercial theater, however, is the way the radical alternatives have been disappearing. Off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway are now largely showcases for actors and playwrights with their eyes trained on Broadway, and the resident theaters out of town are valued not so much for the adventurous quality of their work as for the number of productions they can feed to New York. Even worse, these theaters seem to value themselves according to the number of these transfers, which is rather like *Partisan Review* measuring its immortality by how many writers it sends to *Playboy*.

With the shrinking of subsidy from the private foundations, and the failure of state and federal endowments to take up the slack, the non-profit theaters now have powerful economic motives for becoming pre-Broadway tryout houses: a single pneumatic life raft like *A Chorus Line* can float a single institution like the Public Theater through many turbulent seas. Still, it is a development full of foreboding for the survival of a pluralist theater. The formulaic thinking associated with the commerical stage begins to seep through the corridors of the permanent institutions; project choices are subtly, inexorably influenced by past financial successes. One by one, the resident theaters abandon their resident companies; it is impossible to maintain a permanent group of actors when their luggage is always being packed for an extended visit to the Great White Way. As a result, organic ensemble development gives way to one-shot opportunism. Instead of providing an alternative, many of these theaters are gradually absorbed into the existing system, sacrificing their birthrights, losing their animating force, keeping their non-profit franchise only in name.

And the society provides no moral glue with which to bind these theaters to their original purpose. Friends, family, peers, and agents all join forces in urging fame and fortune at the expense of artistry and commitment. At the same time, a populist administration—implying that the very existence of an advanced or experimental art is somehow inimical to a democratic society—is branding all efforts at an alternative culture as "elitist," a word borrowed from politics, not culture, used in a pejorative sense to suggest that the artist, like the politician, should be responsive to the pressures of popular opinion. With a similar epithet, "formalist," the Soviet authorities succeeded for a while in suppressing dissenting thought and minority art. Here, where money rather than ideology is the guarantee of survival, anything is permitted as long as it can demonstrate instant success, but it is nonetheless clear from the quality of our public arts that economic pressures can be just as repressive as political ones.

The other instrument that has helped to keep our theater in the freezer is the New York press. With a few notable exceptions, theater reviewers are proving to be surprisingly parochial. Since the financial interests of the New York media are closely linked to the economic fortunes of New York, the disinterested impulse to locate significant plays is unconsciously influenced by the pressure to attract tourists to hotels, restaurants, and department stores. Theater reviewing, as a result, is in continual danger of becoming just another arm of marketing. "Hits" are praised in a language more appropriate to advertising than to drama criticism; out-of-town productions are scouted as if they were ballplayers ready to be tapped for the major leagues; and new personalities are continually manufactured in the feature pages in order to sell more cultural products to sell more goods to sell more newspapers and magazines. The only article usually overlooked in this circular marketing orgy is the infrequent work of art (last year, it was Tadeusz Kantor's *Dead Class* at La Mama), because the creative imagination is the one thing that does not lend itself readily to instant gratification.

It was Walt Whitman who observed that you don't go to New York to grow fruit, you go there to sell it. He could not have foreseen how selling might be an obstacle to growth. The fruits of the theater, lacking organic gardening, seem to be stillborn at the present moment. Will the new season offer fresh nourishment or the same old frozen produce? I promise to keep an open mind and an open eye; no need to make any promises about my mouth.

The Murder of Rudolf Hess by W. Hugh Thomas

(Harper & Row; $9.95)

One of the most bizarre episodes of World War II occurred on May 10, 1941, when Rudolf Hess, deputy Führer of Germany, parachuted incognito from the sky close to the Scottish estate of the duke of Hamilton and asked to be taken to the duke. At that time Hitler had been victorious on all fronts and would gladly have wound up his war in the West in order to begin a new war in the East. However, his public overtures had been rejected by Britain, his only enemy still in arms, and so his deputy now tried to help him by this dramatic intervention.

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Hess had convinced himself that the duke of Hamilton, on whom he had something of a fixation, was the natural leader of the "true" Britain, opposed to the "Jewish" clique around Churchill, and might be persuaded to lead a revolt against Churchill, depose Churchill's government, and end the "fratricidal" war between the two Aryan countries, thus setting Hitler free to conquer Russia. This was a curious idea, which had no basis in reality.

The unconventional arrival of Hitler's deputy in Scotland, when it was known, caused great hilarity in Britain. In Germany it caused bewilderment and dismay. Hess had acted entirely on his own initiative, but he had written a letter to Hitler explaining his action and his motives, and this letter was delivered to Hitler on the day after his departure. When he read it, Hitler was very cross. At first he took some comfort from the opinion of Ernest Udet, the technical head of the Luftwaffe, that Hess was unlikely to reach his destination: he would crash in the sea, and then the whole episode could be hushed up. Later, when the British radio announced Hess's safe arrival, Hitler sought to reduce the shock by putting out a statement that his deputy had for some time been visibly going mad. This caused further dismay in Germany and further hilarity in Britain.

The rest of Hess's story is well known and excites not hilarity but pity. After four years of captivity in Britain, he was tried and sentenced at Nuremberg and, owing to the implacable hostility of the Russians, has so far spent another 34 years in a German prison. He is now the sole remaining prisoner in Spandau jail. Meanwhile the full story of his strange escapade has been revealed in an original study by a British writer, Lord James Douglas-Hamilton—the son of the duke whom Hess had sought to visit.

James Douglas-Hamilton has solved the problem by bringing a new character into the story. This is Albrecht Haushofer, the son of Hess's mentor, Professor Karl Haushofer, the founder of the Geopolitical Institute in Munich. Albrecht Haushofer was the friend, confidant, and protégé of Hess. He was also a personal friend of the duke of Hamilton (whom Hess himself did not know). It was he who had encouraged Hess to think that peace might be made with Britain through an approach to the duke, and in September 1940, in agreement with Hess, he had prepared the way by writing cautiously and secretly to the duke, via Lisbon, to propose a meeting there. But the letter was delayed, and before the duke could reply, Hess, by his impulsive gesture, brought the whole project into ridicule and disrepute.

Thanks to Douglas-Hamilton's work, there is now no mystery about Hess's flight to Scotland. However, human nature likes to be mystified, and now another British writer has set out to gratify that taste. Dr. Hugh Thomas was for a time surgeon to the British Military Hospital in Berlin; happening to see Hess naked, he observed that certain scars with which Hess had been credited, from wounds received in World War I, were no longer visible. This, if true, is no doubt odd. How can it be explained? Various simple explanations suggest themselves; but Dr. Thomas is not a man to be satisfied by simple explanations. To him there is only one possible explanation: the Prisoner of Spandau is not Hess at all. On this assumption, which instantly becomes an indisputable dogma, he has built up an elaborate theory and claims to have uncovered "the most sensational imposture of the Second World War," "a gross deception which has been prac-

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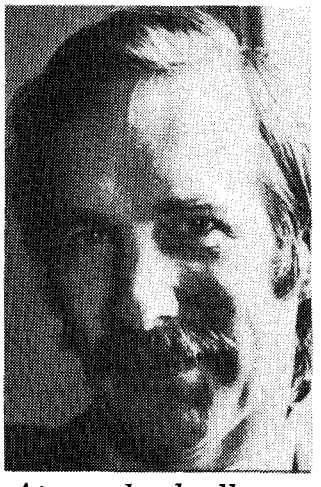

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tised on the world for 38 years."

Dr. Thomas does not deny that Hess flew from Germany on May 10, 1941, on a mission of peace. Nor does he deny that the person who parachuted into Scotland a few hours later is the same person who now sits in Spandau. He is thus obliged to argue that whereas it was Hess who flew from Augsburg and sent his adjutant with his letter of explanation to Hitler, it was someone else who baled out in Scotland and asked to see the duke of Hamilton. In order to

Are they the same?—Rudolph Hess in 1938, and at Nuremburg in 1945. Photos from *The Murder of Rudolph Hess.*

explain this surprising change of identity half seas over, he asks us to believe that Goering and Himmler, between them, for some unexplained purpose, had the real Hess shot down and instantly launched a false Hess into the sky to replace him and continue his mission under their orders. This false Hess was of course a "double." He looked exactly like Hess and has persuaded everyone who has since met him, including Hess's wife and son, that he is Hess; and in order to keep up the imposture he has been willing to serve a sentence of life imprisonment for crimes committed not by him but by the real Hess. His only defect was that, unlike the "brilliant politician" whom he impersonated, this false Hess was a naive and childish nincompoop who was quite unable to carry out the mission which was the sole purpose of the whole complicated operation.

For this ludicrous theory, which explodes on contact with its own implications, Dr. Thomas offers neither evidence nor probability, and if that unpredictable octogenarian, Dame Rebecca West, had not been so imprudent as to endorse it, it would have died quietly after its fifth repetition in a Welsh saloon-bar. Dr. Thomas's method is simply to stir the pot: to create mysteries where there are no mysteries and to offer solutions that are no solutions. I shall not waste time on his speculations, which ramble over half a century. I shall concentrate on the essential episode: the flight of May 10, 1941, and Dr. Thomas's statement that whereas Hess took off from Germany, it was a pseudo-Hess who arrived in Scotland. For it is here that the whole theory must stand or fall. If it can be shown that it was Hess who parachuted into Scotland, all Dr. Thomas's other arguments are necessarily worthless and his whole theory can be ignored.

Dr. Thomas assures us that Hess's plane could not possibly have reached Scotland for lack of fuel. On such technical matters I prefer the opinion of the technical head of the Luftwaffe, who thought that Hess would be defeated not by fuel shortage but by the prevailing winds. Having made this assumption, Dr. Thomas then presumes that Hess can never have intended to fly to Britain at all, but was bound rather for Stockholm, Madrid, or Lisbon. This speculation can be punctured by a single fact. In his letter to Hitler, Hess clearly stated that he was flying to Britain: "My Führer, when you receive this letter, I shall be in England. . . ." "If only he were to sink in the North Sea. . . !" Hitler exclaimed on reading that letter. The North Sea is not on the way to Stockholm or Lisbon. Dr. Thomas himself quotes Hitler's explosion on the same occasion: "If Hess gets there, just imagine! Churchill has Hess in his grasp!" If Hess intended to fly to Britain, he would have seen to it that he had enough fuel to get there. He was an experienced pilot and had no need of Dr. Thomas's amateur calculations.

Thus, Hess quite clearly set out to fly to Britain. Was it he who landed there? The man who landed in Scotland gave his name as Alfred Horn. He carried no papers identifying him as Hess. To Dr. Thomas this is a remarkable confirmation of his own theories. "Why," he asks, "did he have no identity disc or card, no Party membership card, no driving license, or anything with Rudolf Hess's name on it?" Why indeed? Once again, the answer is obvious. Hess, for all his illusions, was much more intelligent than the good doctor. His purpose was to conspire secretly with the duke of Hamilton in order to overthrow the Churchill government. Naturally he did not wish to reveal himself to the agents of that government, if he should fall into their hands. But of course he needed some evidence of his identity which would be recognized by the duke and by no one else. This he had. He carried with him two visiting cards, one from Albrecht Haushofer, one from Karl Haushofer. These were his passport to the duke. Dr. Thomas notes the fact but, as usual, fails to see its obvious significance. Moreover, the duke, having seen Hess, sent a written report to the British government. In this report he quoted Hess as saying that "his friend Albrecht Haushofer told him that I was an Englishman who, he thought, would understand his point of view. He had consequently tried to arrange a meeting with me in Lisbon (see Haushofer's letter to me dated 23 September 1940)." Only Hess knew about Haushofer's secret letter to the duke. This conversation is sufficient proof that "Alfred Horn" was Rudolf Hess.

Not a single argument put forward by Dr. Thomas has any validity whatever. Hess was not a "brilliant politician," completely different from the naive idealist who arrived in Britain. He had always been a naive idealist. A year before his flight, the US secretary of state, Sumner Welles, had an interview with him. He reponded that Hess "had only the lowest order of intelligence" and was not worth talking with. Dr. Thomas suggests that the British Intelligence Service realized that the prisoner was not Hess and that this accounts for the reluctance of the British government to exploit the episode or to make Hess available to journalists or photographers: it was afraid that the fraud would be dis-

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covered. In fact, the reason for that reluctance is obvious. As Churchill explained, the Russians were very suspicious of the Hess episode: Stalin "steadfastly maintained that Hess had been invited over by our Secret Service." Naturally he did not want publicity for an episode which, in view of the Russian alliance, it was expedient to bury. If British Intelligence had known that the man from Germany was not Hess, the interest of the British government was not to conceal the fact but to publish it.

It is difficult to read this silly book with patience. Dr. Thomas writes portentously of his "research" and states complacently that professional historians will no doubt "man their barricades" against his challenge to their "received ideas." He flatters himself. There is no need to man any barricades against such an assault. A whiff of common sense will disperse it forever.

Hugh Trevor-Roper

Hugh Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, and has recently edited *The Final Entries, 1945: The Diaries of Joseph Goebbels* (Putnam's).

Re: Colonised Planet 5 Shikasta by Doris Lessing

(Knopf; $10.95)

Doris Lessing takes risks, but does not play games. One does not turn to her books for humor or wit or playfulness, nor will one find in them any gameplaying in the sense of one-upping, faking, posturing. In her introductory remarks to *Shikasta* she states with characteristic straightforwardness what she sees as the modern novelist's debt to science fiction. Refusing even to take refuge in the respectability of "speculative fiction," she presents her book as science fiction, and I shall review it as such, gratefully; for science fiction has wasted far too much time apologizing to the pretentious and explaining itself to the willfully ignorant.

If I had read *Shikasta* without knowing who wrote it, I do not think I would have guessed it to be the work of an established author working with some awkwardness in a new mode; I am afraid I would have said: a first novel, typically earnest and overambitious, badly constructed, badly edited, showing immense promise; when this writer has learned the art we'll have a first-ranker. . . . Novel-making is novel-making, whether imagination or observation dominates, and given Lessing's experience with the fiction of ideas and with near-future settings, the unshapeliness of *Shikasta* is surprising; the rambling title (which reads in full: *Re: Colonised Planet 5, Shikasta. Personal, Psychological, Historical Documents Relating to Visit by Johor (George Sherban) Emissary (Grade 9), 87th of the Period of the Last Days*) is only too descriptive. To be sure, the subject is no less than a history of human life on earth, past, present, and future, not the sort of thing novelists who play safe, winners of fictional parlor-games, are likely to attempt. Lessing mentions Olaf Stapledon in her introduction, and, in scope, the book—especially as the first of a series—indeed vies with *Last and First Men*; but the almost obsessive organization, the unity of Stapledon's thought, is wanting. The majesty of the vision is fitful. Sometimes it is majestic, sometimes it is little more than a pulp-Galactic Empire with the Goodies fighting the Baddies. Then again it goes off into allegory, like C. S. Lewis, for a while; and there are moments—the bad moments, for me—when it all seems to have been inspired by the Velikovsky-Von Daniken school of, as it were, thought.

The aesthetic incoherence is not due to the plurality of viewpoints, but it may be connected to Lessing's use of the alien viewpoint: most of the events are recounted by an extraterrestrial witness. This is of course one of the basic devices of science fiction (and of pre-scientific ironic tales), but familiar as the technique is, it requires very great care. Only intense and continual imaginative effort by the author can keep the "alien" voice from sounding human, all too human—thus subverting the estrangement that is the goal of the technique, and so disastrously shrinking, instead of expanding, the universe. This is what has happened in those dreary backwaters of science fiction where the heroes fight the dirty Commies/Capitalists from Aldebaran. Lessing commits no such political imbecilities; it is more with ethics that the trouble lies, I think. The morality voiced by her aliens seems less universal than sectarian, and Canopus in Argos sounds strangely, at times, like a pulpit in Geneva.

The villains of the piece, from a planet called Shammat, part of the empire of Puttiora, remain off-stage. Though Shammat is the author of evil on earth, all agents of evil we meet in the book are human beings. But the agents of good we meet are not human; they come from Canopus. One is left in doubt whether mankind has any moral being at all; perhaps we are all puppets of either Shammat or Canopus. Certainly one gathers that humanity is incapable of doing good on its own, without direct and continual prompting by Benevolences from outer space. (The behavior of these guardian angels I personally find, on the evidence given, to be paternalistic, imperialist, authoritarian, and male supremacist. The latter trait is particularly galling; they claim to be bisexual, but if you notice, they always impregnate human women but never permit themselves to be impregnated by human men.) The picture, then, is, or resembles, one currently very popular indeed, that of the chariots of the gods, or *dei ex machina*; and the message is: in us there is no truth or power. All great events on earth result from decisions made elsewhere; all our inventions were given us by extraterrestrials; all our religions feebly reflect the glory of an unhuman Founder. We have done, and can do, unaided and by ourselves, nothing. Except, perhaps—this is not clear—evil.

To find this projective ethic stated by a considerable writer, no hack or crank, is disquieting to me. Though *Shikasta* is not a Christian book, I think it is a Calvinist one: it affirms the radical irresponsibility of mankind. Salvation is not by works but by grace alone, not by the soul's effort but by intercession/intervention—for a few, the chosen, the elect: the rest consigned to damnation by judgment / holocaust / apocalypse. The theme has recently been common in pseudoscience, and of course is endemic in the revivalist movement. Its roots, I

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ppose, are in the Near East; it turns up the West in hard centuries, whenever ople seek the counsels of despair. It s no claim to universality, however, ıce it remains unsympathetic and ential unintelligible to the great ltures of the East. It is not a position mpathetic to most artists, either, since leaves no room in the world for ıgedy, or for charity.

There is much self-hatred in *Shikas*–hatred of the feminine identity, the ddle-class identity, the national, the ıite, the Western, the human—which comes to a head in the strange episode the Trial, late in the story, and there rhaps self-destructs. But there is no tharsis; the ethic of guilt forbids it. A ief utopian coda rings false to my r—the usual Luddite prigs sharing erything with nary a cross word. And through these final sections the pro-gonist, Johor, in his last incarnation as eorge, stalks about bearing the White an's Burden until you want to kick n. We never meet the Shammatians, never meet the Sirians, and the ınopans are twits. But the mans. . . . There is the story of chel; the story of Lynda; the story of ıdividual 6"—the exact, brilliant, mpassionate, passionate portrayal of man minds driven out of "sanity," ced on beyond. . . . In such passages, ssing is incomparable. Does she need write science fiction to achieve them? ould there not be more place for them a conventional novel?

She seems to have little real interest in e alien as such, little pleasure in it. vention is an essential ingredient of ence fiction, and she lacks or scants it, ting theory and opinion override the mble details that make up creation. nopus and the Canopans remain dead ords, a world without a landscape, aracters without character. No mes, no play. The Canopans are gels, messengers of God, but ssing's concept of the divine excludes ıt Trickster who creates and destroys. Coyote, no Loki, no Hermes. Life is l, life is earnest, and Shiva is not owed to dance in this universe. Like lzhenitsyn, like the late Victorians, ssing believes in Reality, and that lief precludes pure invention, permit-g only the "meaningful." The work ll be not a mystery, but a morality. ıd so it is. And yet. . . .

Every now and then she stops oralizing and looks around at the orld she has gotten herself into; and at ch times there is no doubt at all why e is there, or that she belongs there.

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drawing of Doris Lessing by András Goldi

She does not write conventional fiction because she does not have a conventional mind. She is not a realist at all. Nor is she a fantasist. The old distinctions are useless and must be discarded. Before the critics can do that, we novelists must get on past them ourselves, clear past. It is not easy; no wonder Lessing moves awkwardly. But she moves forward. I would not wish to dwell upon things like SOWF, or substance-of-we-feeling—is the phrase or its acronym worse?—but maybe we had to go through SOWF to get to Zone 6. Zone 6—which is Hades, and the landscape of the Tibetan *Book of the Dead*, and certain remote territories of the unconscious mind, and the Borderland, and more—is magnificent in conception and imagery.

Intellectual fiction, the novel of ideas, all too often slides down into the novel of opinions. Science fiction, gone self- indulgent, rants and preaches—with more right to, despite its vast subj matter, than any other kind of a Lessing's opinions, her diatribes agai "science" and "politics" and so forth, very nearly the ruin of the novel. E beneath and beyond the opinions, r fully under her control, perhaps ev disobeying her conscious intent, is t creative spirit that can describe terrorist's childhood with the author of a Dostoevsky, or imagine the crowc souls crying at the gates of life—and t lurching, lumbering, struggling book redeemed, is worth reading, is immor diamond.

Ursula K. Le Gui

Ursula K. Le Guin is the author, m recently, of *Malafrena*, published t month by Putnam's.

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The Bureau:
My Thirty Years in Hoover's FBI
by William C. Sullivan
with Bill Brown

Norton; $12.95)

The life and career of William Cornelius Sullivan are the stuff of a second-rate political novel. They contain just the right balance of ambition, intrigue, skulduggery, irrationality, and revenge—with a dash of nobility thrown in for good measure.

A simple man of humble New England origins, Sullivan left his job with the Internal Revenue Service in Boston to become an FBI agent in 1941. From the start, a whole new world opened to him, and he had some extraordinary adventures: chasing fugitives around the country, solving heinous crimes and simple ones, investigating suspected wartime spies in the Midwest, enjoying the camaraderie of a group of men whose image was ever more glamorous. Sullivan, however, was no run-of-the-mill G-man. He was intellectually curious, and before long he became one of the Bureau's rising experts on the communist menace; he worked espionage, counterintelligence, and internal security cases, developing a whole coterie of young admirers and followers who shared his excitement in that field. Sullivan stood out from the crowd: a quick-witted, wiry, fast-talking fellow, often disheveled and disorganized, he always looked older than he was. He was a worrier, and he would read books (and underline and annotate them) while less serious agents went off to bars and football games.

Like many other FBI men of his generation, Bill Sullivan aspired to succeed the aging patriarch, J. Edgar Hoover, as director. The primary evidence of this was the frequency and vehemence with which he denied it. Denial was essential if one wanted to stay in the charmed circle, because to talk of replacing Hoover was to hint at his mortality and fallibility, two problems the director would not admit he had.

For years—even decades—Sullivan played along, outdoing himself to please Hoover. He developed new ways of investigating Communists and other "subversives." He designed, honed, and implemented many of the Bureau's notorious "counterintelligence programs" (COINTELPRO), later adapted with such ease to the Ku Klux Klan, the civil rights movement, antiwar activists, and others who questioned the American way.

But there came a time when Sullivan began to annoy Hoover. As assistant director in charge of the Domestic Intelligence Division, he was too outspoken—quarreling with some of the central elements of the Hoover dogma (by suggesting publicly, for example, that the Communist party of the USA was no longer a threat to national security), making trouble in the Bureau's executive conference (whose ironic official duty was to vote unanimously, in the style of an old-fashioned communist central committee, to endorse every decision and the opinion of the director), and challenging some of the FBI's twisted priorities. Hoover chafed over such insubordination, yet continued to favor Sullivan with choice assignments. Never was their love/hate relationship better symbolized than in the summer of 1970, after their feud had already become an open secret inside the Bureau and out, when Hoover named Sullivan to the number-three job in the FBI, as the replacement for Cartha D. DeLoach (Lyndon Johnson's favorite FBI agent, Sullivan's leading enemy and rival, and another early Hoover sycophant whose relationship with the director had soured).

Even in such a high-ranking job, Sullivan resisted pacification. He gave speeches that annoyed the director, had suspicious liaisons with officials of the Nixon administration, and stood up for the victims of the director's arbitrary personnel policies and disciplinary system. Sullivan cooperated in a White House effort to reinstitute some domestic spying that Hoover, for reasons of personal reputation, had suspended, and he wrote the director some outrageously insulting letters. Thus provoked, Hoover took the extraordinary step of forcing Sullivan out of the Bureau by changing the lock on his office door.

Hoover died seven months later, and Sullivan was to spend the rest of his own life—six years—trying to destroy what remained of Hoover's image and reputa-

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tion. For a time he held make-work jobs (first with an insurance crime-prevention institute in Connecticut and then with the "Office of National Narcotics Intelligence," a superfluous and somewhat mysterious agency established briefly by Nixon's Justice Department). He had some strange—and never fully explained—dealings with John Dean and others in the midst of the Watergate cover-up, although he later narrowly averted indictment over his involvement with Nixon's 17 secret wiretaps only by spilling various beans to the special prosecutor's office.

But mostly Sullivan passed his post-FBI time at his retirement home in Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, working on his hate-Hoover campaign. An essential tool in that campaign was the supply of documents he had brought with him from the government. During long, rambling sessions with reporters and investigators who came to call on him, he would leap out of his armchair and disappear for a few minutes to forage through his extensive but chaotic files, returning with a choice memorandum or a tattered copy of a juicy letter that demonstrated his point. Sometimes the document would be trotted out on various occasions to make several separate points, and sometimes the yarns and recollections would trail off inconclusively. But Sullivan was an "informed source" extraordinaire, and few people complained about the long journey to see him. When no one had phoned or visited for a while, Sullivan would take the initiative and call one of his favorite leakees—sometimes from the psychiatric unit of a New Hampshire hospital—to put a new twist on an old story. Usually something would get into print or on the air, and that made him happy. If things came out in a way unfavorable to him, however, Sullivan's rage knew no bounds; he once threatened to kill me because he was unhappy with the published excerpts of a book I was writing.

But ultimately, nobody told things exactly the way Bill Sullivan wanted them told, and so he finally set out to write his memoirs, with the help of a television producer, Bill Brown. In the midst of that project, on November 9, 1977, Sullivan was shot and killed in an early-morning hunting accident near his home—an event that excited the assassination buffs and conspiracy theorists for a while, but bore no fruit for them.

Now comes the book, a loosely organized and frustrating collection of tidbits that is an almost perfect reflection of Bill Sullivan—the man, the bureaucrat, the raconteur, the exaggerator and the teller of not-quite-funny jokes. It is a book in which he posthumously settles a few scores (with DeLoach and other FBI folk) and reveals much about himself: his desire to be known as a "liberal Democrat," his effort to sound and act like one of the boys (the word "damn" appears so often that it begins to stand out), and his naive contention that his motives were always pure.

Many of Sullivan's tales are trivial and inconsequential, but a few are mischievous. There is his own impromptu three-bullet-but-one-assassin version of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in 1963, for example, in which he departs totally from the story (and, presumably, the evidence) that the FBI has stood by for more than 15 years.

Perhaps the most useful part of the book is Sullivan's chapter on espionage, where he offers some startling revelations about Soviet and American penetration of each other's intelligence networks. His suggestion that there was for many years an undetected Soviet mole inside the New York field office of the FBI is, of course, a troubling one. So is his triumphant story of what happened when Bureau agents captured a US Navy enlisted man named Cornelius Drummond who was passing secrets to the Russians: "Drummond didn't offer any resistance at all, but the boys gave him and the other Soviet agents a beating just for good measure." So much for William Sullivan, the latter-day civil libertarian.

Finally, it is difficult to know how many stories in Sullivan's book can be trusted. In one, for example, he has Lyndon Johnson ordering the FBI to get involved in the investigation of Edward M. Kennedy's 1969 accident at Chappaquiddick. (Richard Nixon was president at the time, of course, and LBJ was back on his ranch.) But with all of its (and his) failings, Sullivan's book is important for two reasons. One is the further evidence it offers of the astonishing paranoia and infighting that prevailed in the highest ranks of the FBI for many decades. Listen to Sullivan on the subject of the discovery of secret FBI wiretap logs in the White House in 1973:

> *The existence of the logs never would have been known to the press if it hadn't been for some of my old enemies at the FBI. They thought by leaking the story of my involvement with the logs to the press . . . that they could block me from consideration for the job I wanted: a special 'reorganization consultant' to the FBI which would have resulted in their dismissal.*

The second reason is something it does not do: explain why no one on the inside ever blew the whistle on J. Edgar Hoover, one of the great tyrants and frauds of American history. If Sullivan had, then he might have become the hero he wanted us to believe he was.

Sanford J. Ungar

Sanford J. Ungar, managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine, is the author of *FBI: An Uncensored Look Behind the Walls* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

Selected Poems 1950-1975 by Thom Gunn

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95)

Roofs, Voices, Roads by Reginald Gibbons

(in Quarterly Review of Literature Poetry Series edited by T. and R. Weiss; $6.50)

It makes sense to me, as an Englishman living in the United States, to say that British English has lost its innocence, where American English hasn't. At any rate, when I read Thom Gunn, an expatriate of longer standing, along with any able American, whether of his own generation or a younger man like Reg Gibbons, that's the first overpowering impression that I get: how

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many more centuries of usage Gunn's English must take account of and be burdened with! Gibbons, for instance, has a lovely poem called "Dusk":

1.

The sound of a clarinet, all alone, comes from
the next farm down:
Mozart's concerto.

Solitary reed, the player is insane.
Kept home
by her family all her life.

2.

Or a creature living
in the depths of the sea, finally
tossed up dead onto the sand.

What could have survived such an existence?
It is impossible to imagine
anything coming out of this single, empty shell.

3.

And in the hills it was
the gold-miners' heedlessness that
exposed bedrock beneath the thin soil.

Just so I bare too much
in the attempt to attract love.

4.

Reflection on the living room window glass
has put the potted ivy & geranium out in the street.
A man strolls through them with his dog.

His chest is in flames.
What a relief to see the fire of loneliness
there too, breaking

from another man's heart!

In fact this is a very *knowing* poem. Why should it be called, for instance, "Dusk," rather than "Loneliness," or even "Mozart from a Distance"? (Talk of "tenor" and "vehicle" will get us nowhere with it.) And how the splendid vulnerability of "from another man's heart!" is defused in advance by "Just so I bare too much. . . . " All the same, how unthinkable it would be, in any Gunn poem, to read: "What a relief to see the fire of loneliness/there too, breaking. . . . " It's not that Gunn has contempt for such vulnerably open sentiment. On the contrary, he can be seen time and again maneuvering to say such things. But maneuvering is what he does; and after all his maneuvers, the best he can manage is something terse and bitten-off, the generosity of his fellow-feeling only a hovering implication.

It's just this ultimate constriction in Gunn's poetry—not anything in his psyche but (as I believe) inherent in the British English which is his medium—that moves me most deeply. So in his "Autobiography," it isn't the London references that move me, but the enormous difficulty that British English has—having, as it were, suffered so much—in registering *inclusiveness*:

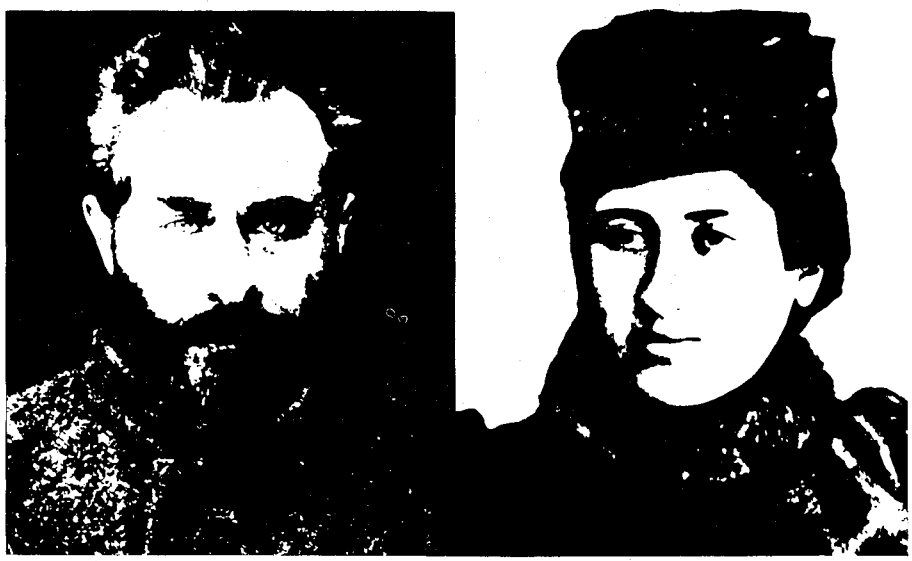
a green dry prospect
distant babble of children
and beyond, distinct at
the end of the glow
St Paul's like a stone thimble

longing so hard to make
inclusions that the longing
has become in memory
an inclusion.

The difference between that and Gibbons's "fire of loneliness" strikes me as the gulf between British English in poetry and American English.

Gunn in fact has resisted, has done his best to abjure, the facile forms that British knowingness took in his generation: the more or less glibly deprecating ironies, for instance. His strategy for doing so was unexpected and admirable: since his medium trailed with it distracting echoes from earlier centuries, he decided to dig back into those centuries further than his British contemporaries, to recover that phase of British English—Donne's, Marlowe's, above all Shakespeare's—in which the language could register without embarrassment the affirmative, the frankly heroic. In some early poems that he has sensibly left out of this *Selected Poems*, this was overt in subject matter and hints of fustian rhetoric. It was part of the young Gunn before he came to the United States and studied with Yvor Winters. Winters demanded emulation of the

"No couple on earth has the chance we have. . . ."



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great Renaissance masters, and Gunn has kept faith with that Stanford tradition by producing admiring selections from Jonson and Fulke Greville. But his style assimilates those Renaissance precedents in a way quite different from Winters and other Stanford-influenced Americans. His poem to Winters, included here, is an homage appropriately couched in Winters's own manner; and so it reads as affectionate pastiche, ventriloquial, not really in Gunn's voice at all. In his mature work the Renaissance presence isn't narrowly stylistic but, one is tempted to say, ideological. For instance he believes, though in a very sophisticated way, in destiny:

I have been always most close
when you had least resistance,
falling asleep, or in bars;
during the unscheduled hours;
though strangely without substance,
I hang, there and ominous.

Aha, sooner or later
you will have to name me, and,
as you name, I shall focus,
I shall become more precise.
O Master (for you command
in naming me, you prefer)!

I was, for Alexander,
the certain victory; I
was hemlock for Socrates;
and in the dry night, Brutus
waking before Philippi
stopped me, crying out, "Caesar!"

(Winters would never have risked that "Aha," nor perhaps would he have approved it.) The Renaissance styles—of life more than of writing—are invoked by Gunn not to judge the tawdry present, nor to keep it at arm's length, but on the contrary so as to comprehend it in a way that extends to it not just compassion but dignity:

What he did is, now,
immaterial. It is the
execution that matters, or,

rather, it is his conduct
as he rests there, while
he is still a human.

Thus, in a poem that I'm sorry not to see here, a drug-pusher's *sotto voce* spiel in a San Francisco street is uttered in a poem that in its impassive tone recalls Autolycus the pedlar of *A Winter's Tale*, and in its overall strategy is close to Dowland's "Fair Knacks for Ladies." Or there is the young wino in the poem called "Sparrow," where the allusion to pitiful songs from Shakespeare isn't anywhere in the diction but all in the meter and rhyme. It's in this not altogether obvious sense that a British critic, Colin Falck, can credit Gunn with "the lines of most near-to-Shakespearian power in twentieth-century English or American verse." It is an astonishing claim to make for anyone, and a higher claim than is usually made for Gunn; and yet I think it is just.

Gibbons has also been to school to the Renaissance—though to the Spanish Renaissance apparently, rather than the English (which makes a vast difference). He is as learned as Gunn is; and if we say that his language is by contrast "innocent," we don't mean that it is uninstructed. The most obvious difference between them is that, whereas Gunn often uses meter and rhyme (and in a special way, highlighting those constrictions rather than pretending to ease within them), it's impossible to think of Gibbons writing anything but free verse. But that is only the symptom of a deeper and more radical difference: whereas Gunn time and again sets out to show how conventions from centuries ago can, if adapted (and the adaptations are often extreme), encompass 20th-century experience, Gibbons is always reaching out—though modestly and quietly—for the poetic forms of the future. Typically, when he pays homage to a master from the past, Gongora, the version he makes is (his own word) "metamorphosis." He seldom raises his voice, but that shouldn't mislead us: the transformations that he effects, as he turns life into art, are radical—never more so than when he pretends to be merely anecdotal, letting life impose its own terms. And in this crucial respect he and Gunn are alike.

Donald Davie

Donald Davie teaches English at Vanderbilt, and is the author, recently, of *A Gathered Church: The Literature of The English Dissenting Interest, 1700-1930* (Oxford).

THE QUEST

——for Mary Etta Knapp

Like an old duchessa who has talked all night
whom the Republic's leaders have forgotten,
Venus is guided up the dim cone of rooms,
still glowing through her empty outpost
alone among already vanished stars.
The sun increases in her wake.
Putting off his moony Dutch enamel
for direct Baroque, the young retainer
hales up in repeated ormoulu
a cold, new wind in the clicking trees.

At the corner of the garden
as that surprised vague rash
on a nearly white Bosc
grows into smiling russet
from far enough away,
an adolescent beech
thrusts his pride of bristling opal
from the matted lawn,
blushing when you look back
from the verge.

But among that litter of leaf as the gate closes
you have seen, between the bony poplars there, and there,
a few bright charms tied in yellow to the twigs
to tell you in the blowing forest where you should have turned.

Mary Kinzie

Brief Reviews

Gloria Mundi
by Eleanor Clark

(Pantheon; $8.95)

Eleanor Clark watches the future come to Boonton, Vermont in *Gloria Mundi*, and she doesn't think it works. In this updated version of a 19th-century novel

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of provincial life in transition, the real estate boom tears up the Green Mountain countryside and disrupts a contented rural community of loyal neighbors, extended families, and hippy-ish hangers-on. Clark wrote about a Connecticut town caught up in land speculation in her previous novel, *Baldur's Gate*, but this time she leaves behind the neat village greens and white houses. In *Gloria Mundi*'s wilder setting, commercialism makes more sinister, violent inroads. Modern, man-made evil stalks the woods in the form of a berserk murderer, a rapacious motorcycle gang, and a deluded hypocrite—all of whom make the shady developer who arrives in Boonton before them look like a pale fiend.

The way Jim Pace, unscrupulous regional boss of the New England Land Company, sees it, Boonton is ideal ski and condo country. That's not the natives' view, but land lots are bought up and trees are brought down in spite of them. The unsavory strangers listed above arrive with the bulldozers, and violently mix with each other and with the natives. It takes numerous unlikely scenarios and coincidences to bring sleazy preacher John Philipson to Boonton in disguise (Phil Johnson) with an implausible "wife," connect him with a motorcycle thug he knew when the thug was a child, and cause his real wife, Margo, to come in search of him. The violence begins immediately, when the murder of an unknown couple hiking on the Long Trail unnerves Boonton's inhabitants and looms in the novel as the goriest instance of the devastation going on in their midst. That ruin is complete when the oldest and the youngest Boonton natives are killed and paralyzed, respectively, in a final shoot-out scene with the doped-up motorcycle gang. In between there are various corruptions and crack-ups (and one brief, unlikely love affair).

But this really isn't a grisly thriller. It's a village novel in which the characters, not the sensational scenes of ruin, are in the foreground. Clark sees to it that Boonton includes a representative array of contemporary rural types. Elderly Brit and Leona Horton, born and bred in Boonton, are genial and generous pillars of the community. Their very different relatives, the Groats, are the kind that accumulate the latest machines in their front yard, and they alone welcome the money and jobs Pace brings. The more exotic elderly Palzes abandoned high culture and radical politics for the rustic life 30 years earlier, before it was the

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thing to do. And under the Palz roof, transient youths dabble in wood lore now that it is in vogue. This is the kind of community Clark has known long and well, as she reveals in her memoir, *Eyes, Etc.*, and she often treats her characters as old neighbors rather than as her own literary creations in need of irony, judgment, and insight. A little too fondly and flatly, she presents people who clearly mean more to her than they do to us. Even Clark herself never fully figures out the strangers who descend on Boonton—the peculiar Philipsons with their convoluted past and disoriented present lives—and so again neither do we.

Nostalgia may blur and idealize Clark's sense of a community and a way of life, but it clarifies her vision of her New England setting. Clark makes us know Boonton in our mind's eye and in our nerves. She has seen glory among these hills, and she records the terror that replaces it—the bestial horror of human devastation in mountains and dense woods. At first Clark still catches a glimpse of peace in the solid hills:

> *What there was to look at was just hills, unquiet to those like Brit who knew the wildlife in them, differently troubled for everyone under the reverberations of murder and holdup and landsharking, but nevertheless, in the moonlight and crackling cleanliness of air, extending fold upon fold in about a hundred and twenty degree vision of whatever peace, and whatever remembrance of those gone before, might yet prevail.*

But Clark isn't guardedly optimistic or ambivalent for long. The glory doesn't pass away gradually, trailing a glimmer of hope in the promise of change. It is just snuffed out, and Clark keeps on groping after her dark, winding plot.

Ann Hulbert

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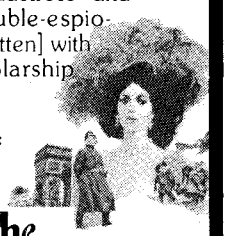

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The Beggar Maid: Stories of Flo and Rose by Alice Munro

(Knopf; $8.95)

In *The Beggar Maid* the impressive Canadian writer Alice Munro has combined the form of the short story with the narrative interest of the novel to provide an unusual kind of literary pleasure. Each of these 10 stories is a contemplative and aesthetic whole; each contains a world of complication and suggestion, with its own particular emphasis and texture. Yet moving through each world and in our affections rising clear of all of them is a single novelistic destiny, Rose; we are not told her last name. The stories deal with her childhood in the memorably drab town of West Hanratty, Ontario; with her struggles with Flo, her proud and envious stepmother; with her wasting marriage to a wealthy young man she meets at college; and with her years as a single woman, when she simultaneously tries to raise her daughter, work as an actress, and conduct affairs. She falls in love: the man dies. She ages. In the last story she returns to Hanratty to put her old enemy Flo, now senile, into the County Home. The rest of Rose's life belongs to another book, which any reader of this one must hope will appear soon.

The stories are convincingly imagined and interestingly told, with sudden shifts in time that would stop th narrative flow of a novel but which thi less linear hybrid happily accom modates. The later stories are good bu deal with familiar material—marriage divorce, the life of an independen woman; they owe their best moments t their dips into the past, their returns t the Hanratty of the early stories. Ms Munro knows what it is like to breath the disappointed air of provincial pover ty, and through crude naturalisti detail—the look of turds frozen in piles of snow in the crumbling lavatory o Rose's school is an image I won't forget—as well as through delicate delineations of character, she recreates the Depression world of Hanratty on the eve of the wartime prosperity that would change it for better and worse. Everything in these stories is a mix of better and worse, of gain and loss, of misery and happiness. Moving, hard, lucid, they throw a "cloudy interesting, problematic light on the world."

Jack Beatty

Correspondence, *from page 7*

they had actually gone to those archives and read those documents. By checking with the German archivists in question, I have established that the Pools have never been in the industrial archives from which they cited documents in numerous footnotes. As those documents are cited, in the same form used by the Pools, only in my own earlier publications, I have no doubt about where they did their "research."

Although the Pools cite some of my works occasionally, numerous passages of their book consist of only slightly rearranged paraphrases of portions of my earlier publications, without any attribution at all. In other places, such paraphrases of my publications are attributed solely to the German archival sources I cited, awakening the false impression that the authors had done the research involved.

Henry A. Turner
Professor of History
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

Seminal thinker

To the editors:

I found Martin Peretz's remarks on the death of Herbert Marcuse rather inadequate and offensive (Washington

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Diarist, *TNR*, August 18). To be sure, Marcuse differed from the prevailing Anglo-Saxon stereotype of the philosopher and the philosopher's concerns. He never got involved in logic or linguistics. It is ironic that he stayed and continued teaching in the United States, although, when Peretz accuses him of omitting Hobbes or Locke from a class on the history of political theory, it was hardly out of narrow-mindedness, but because somebody else had been assigned to that turf. But even the many who do not agree with Marcuse place him among the foremost contemporary philosophers. His concerns parallel the main events of this century. In the US, his mass audience shrank during the 1970s, but not his following among the concerned, intelligent members of the younger generation. Outside the US, he is widely read today and translated into many languages. Worldwide, the fact remains that he was one of the seminal thinkers of the 1950s and 1960s.

Ute Saine
Santa Ana, California

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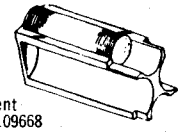

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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After the sudden death of John Paul I and the subsequent election of John Paul II, I heard a Roman Catholic priest and theologian of deep piety, vigorous intellect, and high reputation make a most astonishing remark. Perhaps God thought that the College of Cardinals had made a mistake in the first election, he said, and that John Paul I was not the kind of leader His church needed at the moment. So He had taken John Paul I unto Him, peacefully in the night, and the cardinals had been able to choose John Paul II. My first reaction was to wonder why God had not intervened to call to Him some of the more scary popes when they were elected in the past. My second reaction was to wonder in a different sense at those who are able to believe that God sometimes intervenes so directly in the affairs of men. It would be quite useful to have so all-wise a presiding genius at the party nominating conventions.

As I write, the pope is at Madison Square Garden; he has yet to leapfrog across the Midwest, and Washington awaits him. Three things strike me about his journey so far, because it has not moved only the faithful. First is the spirit of carnival. I can think of no other world figure at whose coming so many people would seize the opportunity just to make merry. The welcome to him is one simply of happiness. How deep is the longing in this sour age to behold and even believe in a good man. Secondly it is a welcome, even from those who are not his parishioners, to a man of God. It is hard to gaze on and listen to him without feeling that a holy spirit—the Christians would say the Holy Spirit—is working in him and that it is this that shines so radiantly. Some journalists have been glibly using the word charisma to describe him, without stopping to wonder if for once the word does not have its full religious meaning. Perhaps as important as anything, how unmissionary and unevangelical is the message even when he is being the missionary and the evangelist, how unlike the preaching of Billy Graham.

But the spiritual hunger that is being evoked—the longing for faith and some reassertion of morality—is not all. There is also the pleasure in an institution, with all the murky pages in its history, that has been with us in our civilization for so long. It was put for all time by the liberal, free-thinking Lord Macaulay in his essay on Von Ranke:

> *No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. . . . And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*

Well, we know where London Bridge is now: in Arizona. And there is the prophecy of Macaulay evident in the carnival before our very eyes. I have my own explanation of the endurance of the Roman Catholic church—beyond the one spiritual reason which a Catholic can give—and that is the strength and steadiness of its bureaucracy. But then what is a bureaucracy if not one of the keepers of ceremony? What way into the human heart does the Roman Catholic church know better than ceremony?

Washington is a city of display and, among its trees, can bid as graceful a welcome as any. I have no doubt that by the time this is read, Washington will have crowned the journey of the pope. But there is another Washington and during elections it is the worst of cities. No other political capital that I know so reduces politics to the discussion of mere personalities. I was at a dinner the other evening, where the guests included the editor-in-chief of perhaps the most reputable monthly in America; the editor-in-chief of perhaps the most reputable weekly; the editorial page editor of one of the most reputable newspapers; a Pulitzer prize-winning literary critic . . . and who else besides. For a full hour and a half, 14 talented and interesting men and women talked of nothing but the sexual activities of Edward Kennedy. At one point I rolled my eyes to the Pulitzer literary critic: "And to think that we have 13 months of this ahead of us." He rolled his own eyes to heaven and gave, which he is very good at, the impression that he was about to expire on the spot. When will Washington learn that politicians are only the algae that rise to the surface of politics?

Elections are themselves a ceremony, acts of communion among a people. I have always suspected the common opinion that Americans crave an aristocracy. But what is missing in American life is any place for ceremony. The Supreme Court this week has just resumed its public activity. It is one of the few institutions in the country where there is a sense of ceremony, as at 10 a.m. exactly nine old men leap from behind their red curtain, and land precisely in front of their chairs which their clerks have arranged for them. There they pray for the guidance of God, having banished him from the public schools. But all that one found in the newspapers were reports of the decisions of the justices. There was not and there never is any account of the ceremonious life of the institution—just as there never is of Congress—and so people have no real feel for their institutions as they do for the Roman Catholic Church. An institution is a constant interaction between its own permanent ceremonious life and the personalities who temporarily hold office. One gains no sense of this in America, so that affection for its institutions is withered.

One of my friends in Washington is a retired military officer who is now a military historian of some talent and insight. He is not a man of noticeably reactionary views about his profession or anything else. But he was filled with a steady anger after his last visit to West Point. What are those women doing there? And again he is not noticeably a male chauvinist. West Point is simply a place where women can do no good, where it can do no good to them, and where their presence can in fact do great harm. Let the bricks fall on my head, if they must, but I emphatically agree with him. The life and skill of an army depend on a very special kind of discipline, which in turn depends on a ceremonious life of its own, which in turn is and must be sustained by a life that is masculine. The top brass had just crumbled before the assault of Congress, he said, and he drew a parallel with the crumbling of university discipline when he was at Harvard in the late 1960s. Again I could not agree with him more. If the army had fought it out for a few more years, the demand for the introduction of women to the service academies would have died away. But then once again, Americans have a very weak sense of the services as institutions, until they call on them in war. That the peacetime life of a service is a ceremonious preparation for fighting well is not appreciated.

H.F.

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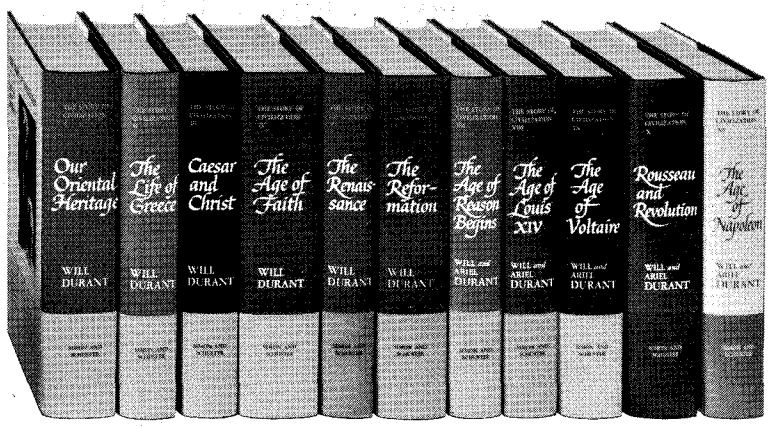

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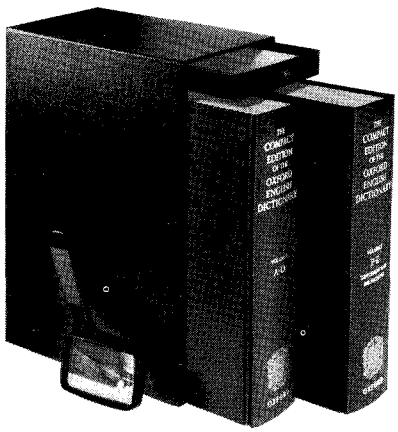

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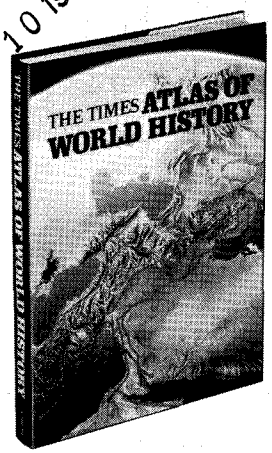

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